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Godfrey Russell

2542 c. 1758

L.B.S.P. 1808
from Countess Temple --

4 vol.

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

VOL. I.

Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time;
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!

CAMPBELL.

CRITIQUES ON THIS WORK.

"This work has more merit than can be ascribed to the crowd of productions of this class, and inculcates virtuous and magnanimous sentiments. It is inscribed to Sir Sidney Smith, in well-managed address." *Monthly Review, Feb.* 1804.

"Miss Porter has availed herself of a very interesting period in history for the foundation of her tale. Often have we felt our heart rent by indignation and pity, at the dismemberment of Poland and the cruel fate of Stanislaus. Truth and fiction are blended with much propriety in these Volumes; and we have turned with sincere pleasure the pages that praise the valour of Kosciuszko; and recount, though but as a novel, the adventures of Sobieski."

Critical Review, Sept. 1803.

"Thaddeus is a work of genius, and has nothing to fear at the candid bar of taste; he has to receive the precious meed of sympathy from every reader of unsophisticated sentiment and genuine feeling." *Imperial Review, Feb.* 1804.

Joyce Gold, Printer, Shoe Lane.

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Loin d'aimer la guerre, il l'abhorre;
En triomphant même il déplore
Les desastres qu'elle produit:
Et couronné par la victoire,
Il gémit de sa propre gloire,
Si la paix n'en est pas le fruit.

BY

MISS PORTER.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1806.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW

is

inscribed

to

SIR SIDNEY SMITH,

under the Hope, that as

Sir Philip Sidney

Did not disdain to write a Romance,

Sir Sidney Smith

will not refuse to read one.

Sir Philip Sidney, consigned his excellent Work to the Affection

of

a Sister.

I confide my feeble attempt to the Urbanity

of

the Brave:

to the Man of Taste, of Feeling, and of Candour;

to him,

whose Clemency will bestow that Indulgence on the Author,

which his Judgment might have denied to the book;

to him,

of whom future Ages will speak with Honour,

and the present Times boast as their Glory!

To

Sir Sidney Smith

I submit this humble Tribute of the highest Respect

which can be offered by a Briton,

or animate the Heart

of his most obedient

and

obliged Servant

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

HAVING attempted a work of four volumes, it is natural that the consideration of so much time and thought as must have been spent in its execution, should occasion to the author some anxiety respecting its fate; therefore before the reader favours the tale itself with his attention, I beg leave to offer him an account of its plan.

Agreeably to the constant verdict of good taste, I have ever believed the novels of Richardson to be unequalled. Their pure morality, and their unity of design, which might well entitle them to be called epic poems in prose, have equally

qually been the objects of my respect and admiration. I see the trials and triumph of *Chastity* manifested in the person of *Pamela*. With the same trials and triumphs *Piety* in her brightest garb, is exhibited in the character of *Clarissa*. And in *Sir Charles Grandison*, we have a most attractive and charming example of every Christian virtue.

The contemplation of such a model, tempted me to imitation. The pleasure that I found in the employment; the leisure that I possessed to pursue my pleasure; and the eagerness with which the mind prosecutes, and endeavours to accomplish a favourite scheme, gradually, conducted me to the end.

Wishing to pourtray a character which Prosperity could not intoxicate, nor Adversity depress, I chose *Magnanimity* as the

the subject of my story. There is a powerful ray of the Almighty, in truly great minds: it burns with equal splendour in prosperity and adversity; its purity as well as its ardour, declares its divine origin. This is the talisman of those atchievements, which amaze every one but their accomplisher. When the eye is fixed on heaven, "*Ossa seems a wart.*"

What flattered Alexander into a madman, and degraded the high-souled Cæsar into a tyrant, I have selected as the first ordeal of Thaddeus Sobieski. Placed at the summit of mortal ambition, surrounded with greatness and glory, he neither shews pride nor vanity. And when, in the progress of his second trial, he is plunged into the depth of sorrow; the weakness of passion never sinks the dignity of his fortitude; neither does the firmness of that

that virtue blunt the amiable sensibility of his heart.

This being the aim to which every incident in the book ought to tend, it became necessary to station my hero amidst scenes, where events might probably arise, that were proper to excite his valour and generosity; and to put his moderation to the test. Poland seemed the country best calculated to promote my intention. Her struggles for independence, and her misfortunes, afforded me situations exactly fitted to my plan; and preferring a series of incidents, which are true and interesting, before a legend of war fabricated entirely by my own hand, I have made no ceremony of making Truth the help-mate of Fiction.

I have now described my plan; and if it be not approved, let the work be neglected;

lected; but if the reader be so candid and generous, as to proceed, I must beg him to peruse the *whole first* volume. He needs not be alarmed at the battles; they are neither frequent nor do they last long; and, I request him, not to pass over any scene as extraneous, which, though it begins like a political paper, or a sermon, always terminates by casting some new light on the portrait of the hero. As the three remaining volumes are totally confined to domestic events, they have none of the afore-mentioned prejudices to encounter; but if the reader do not approach them regularly, through all the developement of character opened in the first volume, what they exhibit will seem a mere wilderness of incidents, without interest, or end. Indeed I have designed nothing in the personages of this story, beyond the sphere

sphere of living evidence I have sketched no virtue that I have not *seen*, nor painted any folly from imagination. I have endeavoured to be as faithful to reality, in my pictures of morals, and heroic life, as a just painter is (when he draws a landscape) to the existing and engaging objects of rural nature; and on these grounds I have attempted steadily to inculcate, "That virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; which begin in mistake, and end in ignominy."

THAD-

THADDEUS OF WARSAW.

CHAP. I.

THE large and magnificent palace of Villanow, which stands on the northern bank of the Vistula, was the favourite residence of John Sobieski, king of Poland. That monarch, after having delivered his country from innumerable enemies, rescued Vienna, and subdued the Turks, used to retire to this place at certain seasons, and there dispensed those effects of his luminous and benevolent mind, which rendered his name great, and his people happy.

When Charles the Twelfth of Sweden visited the tomb of Sobieski, at Cracow, he exclaimed, "What a pity that so great a man should ever die!" Another gene-

ration saw the spirit of this lamented hero revive in the person of his descendant, Constantine, count Sobieski; who, in a comparatively private station, as palatine of Masovia, and the friend, rather than the lord, of his vassals, evinced by his actions, that he was the inheritor of his forefather's virtue, as well as of his blood.

He was the first Polish nobleman, who granted freedom to his peasants. He threw down their mud hovels, and built comfortable villages. He furnished them with seed, cattle, and implements of husbandry; and then calling them together, laid before them the deed of their enfranchisement: But before he signed it, he expressed a fear, that they would abuse their new liberty, and become licentious.

"No," returned a grey-headed peasant, "when we possessed no other property than the staffs which we hold in our hands, we were destitute of all worldly motive for discreet conduct; not having any thing to lose, we acted on all occasions in an intemperate

temperate manner: but now that our houses, lands, and cattle, are absolutely our own, the fear of forfeiting them will be a sufficient restraint upon our actions."

The good sense and truth of this answer were manifested in the event. On the emancipation of these people, they became so prosperous in business, and correct in behaviour, that the example of the palatine was speedily followed by several of the principal nobility.

Encircled by his happy tenantry, and within the bosom of his family, this illustrious man educated Thaddeus, the only male heir of his name, to the exercise of every peaceful virtue, until the beginning of the year 1792; when war began to threaten the life and liberty of a nation, which smiled with content and gratitude.

On the evening of an anniversary of the birth-day of his grandson, the palatine rode abroad with a party of friends, who had been celebrating the festival with

their presence. The countess and Thaddeus were left alone in the saloon. She sighed as she gazed on her son, who stood at some distance, fitting to his youthful thigh a variety of sabres, which his servant, a little time before, had laid upon the table. She observed with anxiety, the eagerness of his motion, his flushed cheek, and the ardour that was flashing from his eyes.

"Thaddeus," said she, "lay down that sword; I wish to speak with you." Thaddeus looked gaily up. "My dear Thaddeus!" cried his mother, and tears started to her eyes. The blush of enthusiasm faded from his face; he threw the sabre from him, and drew near the countess.

"Why, my dear mother, do you distress yourself? When I am in battle, shall I not have my grandfather near me; and be as much under the protection of God as at this moment?"

"Yes, my child," answered she, "God will protect you. He is the protector of the

the orphan, and you are fatherless." The countess paused.---"Here, my son," said she, giving him a sealed packet, "take this: it will reveal to you who your father *was*. It is necessary that you should know the truth; and all the goodness of your grandfather." Thaddeus received it, and stood silent with surprise. "Read it, my love," continued she, "but go to your own apartments; there you will be more retired."

Bewildered by the manner of the countess, Thaddeus, without answering, instantly obeyed. Shutting himself within his study, he impatiently opened the papers; and soon found his whole attention absorbed in the following recital.

"*To my dear Son, Thaddeus Constantine Sobieski.*—

"You are now, my Thaddeus! at the early age of eighteen, going to engage the enemies of your country. Ere I resign my greatest comfort to the casualties

of war, ere I part with you, perhaps for ever, I would inform you, who your father really was: that father, whose existence you have hardly known; and whose name you have never heard. You believe yourself an orphan; your mother a widow: but, alas! I have now to tell you, that you were made fatherless by the cruelty of man, not by the dispensation of heaven.

"Twenty years ago I accompanied my father in a tour through Germany into Italy. Grief for the death of my mother, had impaired his health; and the physicians ordered him to reside in a warmer climate: accordingly we fixed ourselves near the Arno. During several visits to Florence, my father met, in that city, with a young Englishman, of the name of Sackville. These frequent meetings opened into intimacy, and he was invited to our house.

"Mr. Sackville was not only the handsomest man that I had ever beheld, but the

the most noble in manners, and in heart. He was the first man for whose society I found a lively preference. I used to smile at this strange delight, or sometimes weep; for the emotions which agitated me were undefinable; but they were enchanting; and unheedingly I gave them indulgence. The hours which we passed together, in the interchange of reciprocal sentiments; the kind beaming of his looks; the thousand sighs that he breathed; the half-uttered sentences; all conspired to rob me of myself.

"Eight months were spent in these delusions.—During the last three, doubts and anguish displaced the fairy reveries of an infant tenderness. The attentions of Mr. Sackville died away. From being the object of his constant search, he now, sedulously sought to avoid me. When my father withdrew to his closet, he would take his leave, and allow me to walk alone. Solitary and wretched were my rambles. Immured within the palace

of Villanow, watching the declining health of my mother, I knew nothing of the real world; the little which I learnt of society, being drawn from books, and uncorrected by experience, I was taught to believe a perfection in man, which, to my affliction, I have since found to be but a poet's dream. When I came to Italy, I continued averse to public company. In such seclusion, the presence of Sackville being almost my only pleasure, it chased from my mind its usual reserve; and gradually, and surely, won upon the awakened affections of my heart. Artless and unwarned, I knew not the nature of the passion which I cherished, until it had gained an ascendancy that menaced my life.

"On the evening of one of those days in which I had not seen this too dearly beloved friend, I strolled out, and hardly conscious of my actions, threw myself along the summit of a flight of steps that led down to the Arno. My head rested

against the base of a statue, which because of its resemblance to me, Sackville had presented to my father. Every recollected kindness of his, now gave me additional torment; and, clinging to the pedestal, as to the altar of my adoration, in the bitterness of disappointment, I addressed myself to the insensible stone; "O! were I pale as thou art, and this breast as cold and still, would Sackville when he looked on me, give one sigh to the creature he has destroyed?" My sobs followed this adjuration, and the next moment, I felt myself encircled in his arms. I struggled, and, almost fainting, begged to be released. He did release me, and, falling on his knees, implored my pardon for the misery which I had endured. "Now, Therese," cried he, "all is as it ought to be! you are my only hope. Consent to be mine, else I shall be driven to madness!" His voice was hurried and incoherent.---Raising my eyes to his, I beheld them wild and blood-

shot. Terrified at his look, and overcome by my own emotions, my head sunk back on the marble. With increased violence, he exclaimed, "have I deceived myself here too? Therese, did you not prefer me? Did you not love me?--- Speak now, I conjure you, by your own happiness and mine! Do you reject me?" He clenched my hands with a force, that made me tremble, and I hardly articulated, "I will be yours." At these words, he hurried me down a dark vista, which led out of the gardens to the open country. A carriage stood at the gate. I fearfully asked what he intended. "You have given yourself to me," cried he, "and by the Great Lord of Heaven, no power shall separate us until you are mine out of the reach of man!" Unnerved in body, and weak in mind, I yielded to his impetuosity; and, suffering him to lift me into the chariot, was carried to the door of the nearest monastery, where in a few minutes we were married.

"I am

"I am thus particular in the relation of every incident, in the hope, that you will, my dear son, see some excuse for my great imprudence,—in the circumstances of my youth; and in the influence which a man, who seemed all excellence, had over my heart. However, my fault went not long unpunished.

"The ceremony passed, my husband conducted me in silence back to the carriage. My full bosom discharged itself in abundance of tears, whilst Sackville sat by me, unmoved and mute. Two or three times I raised my eyes, in hopes of discerning in his, some consolation for my hasty acquiescence. But no; his gaze, vacant and glaring, was fixed on the window; and his brow scowled, as if he had been forced into an alliance with one whom he hated, rather than had just made a voluntary engagement with the woman whom he loved. My soul shuddered at this commencement of a contract, which I had dared to make, unsanctioned

sanctioned by my father's consent. At length, my sighs seemed to startle my husband; and turning suddenly round, "Therese," cried he, "this marriage must not be told to the palatine."—"Why?" murmured I, hardly able to speak. "Because I have been precipitate. It would ruin me with my family. Wait, only for one month; and then I will publicly acknowledge you." The agitation of his features, the sternness of his voice, and the feverish burning of his hand, which held mine, alarmed me. Trembling from head to foot, I answered, "Sackville! I have already erred enough in consenting to this stolen union. I will not transgress further by concealing it. I will instantly throw myself at my father's feet, and confess all." His countenance darkened. "Therese," said he, "I have not married you to be your slave. I am your husband. You have sworn to obey me, and I command your silence. Till I allow you, divulge this marriage

marriage at your peril." This last cruel sentence, and the more cruel look that accompanied it, pierced me to the heart, and I fell senseless on the seat.

"When I recovered, I found myself at the foot of that statue, beneath which my unfortunate destiny had been fixed. My husband was leaning over me. He raised me with tenderness from the ground; and conjured me, in the mildest accents, to be comforted; to pardon the severity of those words which had arisen from a fear, that by an imprudent avowal on my part, I should risk both his happiness and my own. He informed me, that he was heir to one of the first fortunes in England, he had pledged his honour with his father, never to enter into any matrimonial engagement, without first acquainting him with the particulars of the lady and her family. Should he omit this duty, his father declared, that though she were a princess, he would disinherit him, and never again admit him to his presence.

"Con-

"Consider this, my dear Therese," continued he, "could you endure to behold me a beggar, and stigmatized with a parent's curse, when a little forbearance on your side would make all right? I know I have been hasty in acting as I have done, but now I cannot remedy my error. To-morrow I will write to my father, describe your rank and merits, and request his consent to our immediate marriage. The moment his permission arrives, I will cast myself on the paternal friendship, and reveal what has passed." The tenderness of my husband won my affection and reason to his side; and with many tears, I sealed his forgiveness, and pledged my faith on his word.

"My dear deceived parent little suspected the perfidy of his guest. He detained him as his visitor; and often rallied himself on the hold which his distinguished accomplishments had taken on his esteem. Sackville's manner to me in publick was obliging and free; it was

in

in private only, that I found the tender, the capricious, the unfeeling husband. Night after night I have washed the memory of my want of duty to my father, with bitter tears: But my husband was dear to me, was more precious than my life: One kind look from him, one fond word, would solace every pain, and make me wait the arrival of his father's letter, with all the gay anticipations of youth and love.

"A fortnight passed away. A month, a long and lingering month. Another month, and a packet of letters was presented to Sackville. He was at breakfast with us. At the sight of the superscription, he coloured, tore open the paper, ran his eyes over a few lines, and then pale and trembling, rose from his seat, and left the room. My emotions were almost uncontroulable. I had already half risen from my chair, to follow him, when the palatine exclaimed, "What can be in that letter? he seems dreadfully shocked."

ed." And without observing me, or waiting for a reply, he hurried out after him. I stole to my chamber, where, throwing myself on my bed, I tried, by all the delusions of hope, to obtain some alleviation from the pains of suspense.

"The dinner bell roused me from my reverie. Dreading to excite suspicion, and anxious to read in the countenance of my husband the denunciation of our fate, I obeyed the summons, and descended to the dining-room. On entering it, my eyes irresistibly wandered round to fix themselves on Sackville. He was leaning against a pillar, his face pale as death. My father looked grave, but immediately took his seat, and tenderly placed his friend beside him. I sat down in silence. Little dinner was eaten, and few words spoken. —As for myself, my agitations almost choaked me. I felt that the first word I should attempt to pronounce, must give them utterance, and that their vehemence would betray me.

"When

"When the servants withdrew, Sackville rose, and taking my father's hand, said, in a faultering voice, "My lord, I must leave you."—"It is a wet evening," replied the palatine; "you are unwell—disturbed—stay till to-morrow!"—"I thank your lordship," answered he, "but I must go to Florence to-night. You shall see me again before to-morrow afternoon: all will then, I hope, be settled to my wish." Sackville took his hat. Motionless, and incapable of speaking, I sat fixed to my chair, in the direct way that he must pass. His eye met mine. He stopped, and looking at me, abruptly caught my hand; then as abruptly quitting it, darted out of the room. I never saw him more.

"I had not the power to dissemble another moment. I fell back, weeping, into the arms of my father. He did not, even by this imprudence, read what I almost wished him to guess; but with all the indulgence of affection, lamented the distress of

of Sackville; and the sensibility of my nature, which sympathized so painfully with his friend. I durst not ask *what* was the *distress* of his friend: abashed at my duplicity to him; and overwhelmed with a thousand dreads, I obtained his permission to retire to my chamber.

"The next day, I met him with a serene air; for I had schooled my heart to endure, with greater composure, the sufferings which it had deserved. The palatine did not remark my recovered tranquillity; neither did he appear to think any more of my tears; so entirely was he occupied in conjecturing what could be the cause of Sackville's grief, who had only complained of having received a great shock, without revealing the occasion. This ignorance of my father surprised me; and to all his suppositions I said little. My soul was too deeply interested in the subject, to trust to the faithfulness of my lips.

"The morning crept slowly on, and the

the noon appeared to stand still. I anxiously watched the declining sun, as the signal for my husband's return. Two hours had elapsed since his promised time, and my father grew so impatient, that he went out with a hope to meet him. I eagerly wished that they might miss each other. I should then see Sackville a few minutes alone; and by one word, be comforted, or driven to despair.

"I was listening to every footstep that sounded under the colonade, when my servant brought me a letter, which had just been left by one of Mr. Sackville's grooms. I tore open the seal; and fell senseless on the floor, ere I had read half the killing contents—."

Thaddeus, with a burning cheek, and a heart all at once robbed of that elastic spring, which till now had ever made him the happiest of the happy, took up the letter of his father The paper was worn, and blistered with his mother's tears. His head seemed to swim as he con-

contemplated the hand-writing, and he said to himself, "Am I to respect, or to abhor him?" He proceeded in the perusal.

"*To Therese, countess Sobieski.*

"How, Therese, am I to address you? But an attempt at palliating my conduct, will be of no use; it is impossible. You cannot conceive a viler opinion of me, than I have of myself. I know that I forfeit all claim to honour; that I have sacrificed your tenderness to my distracted passions: But you shall no more be subject to the caprices of a man, who cannot repay your love with his own.—*You* have no guilt to torture you; and you possess virtues which will render you tranquil under every calamity. I leave you to your own innocence. Forget the ceremony which has passed between us: my wretched heart disclaims it for ever. Your father is happily ignorant of it; pray spare him the anguish of knowing that I was so completely unworthy of his kind-

kindness! I feel that I am more than ungrateful to you, and to him. Therese, your most inveterate hate cannot more strongly tell me, than I tell myself, that I have treated you like a villain. But I cannot retract. I am going, where all search will be vain; and I now bid you an eternal farewel. May you be happier than ever I can be!

"*Florence.* "R. S---."

Thaddeus went on with his mother's narrative.

"When my senses returned, I was laying on the ground, holding the half-perused paper in my hand. Grief and horror locked up the avenues of complaint, and I sat as one petrified to stone. My father entered. At the sight of me, he started as if he had seen a spectre. His well-known features opened at once my agonized heart. With fearful cries, I cast myself at his feet, and putting the letter into his hand, clung, almost expiring, to his knees.

"When

"When he had read it, he flung it from him, and dropping into a chair, covered his face with his hands. I looked up imploringly, for I could not speak. My father stooped forward, and raising me in his arms, pressed me to his bosom. "My Therese," said he, "it is I who have done this. Had I not harboured this villain, he never could have had an opportunity of ruining the peace of my child." In return for the unexampled indulgence of this speech; and his repeated assurances of forgiveness; I promised to forget a man, who could have so little respect for gratitude, or his own honour. The palatine replied, that he expected such a resolution, in consequence of the principles which he had taught me; and to shew me how far dearer to him was my real tranquillity, than any false idea of impossible restitution, he would not remove, even from one principality to another, were he sure by that means, to discover Mr. Sackville, and to avenge my wrongs. My understanding assented to the

the justice of all his reasoning; but long and severe were the struggles, before I could erase from my soul, the image of that being who had been the lord of all its joys and sorrows.

"It was not until you, my dear Thaddeus, were born, that I could repay the goodness of my father with the smiles of cheerfulness.---He would not permit me to give you any name, which could remind him, or myself, of the cruel parent who gave you being; and by his desire, I christened you Thaddeus Constantine, after himself, and his best-beloved friend General Kosciuszko.---You have not yet seen that illustrious Polander, whose unchangeable resolution in favour of his country has hitherto kept on the frontiers. He is now with the army at Winnica, whither you must soon go:---In him, you will see a second Sobieski---In him, you may study one of the brightest models of patriotic and martial virtue, that ever was presented to mankind.---It may well be said of him,---

'That

'That he would have shone with distinguished lustre in the ages of chivalry.' Gallant, generous, and strictly just; he commands obedience by the reverence in which he is held; and attaches the troops to his person, by the affability of his manners, and the purity of his life. He teaches them discipline, endurance of fatigue, and contempt of danger, by his dauntless example: and inspires them with confidence, by his tranquillity in the tumult of action; and the invincible fortitude, with which he meets the most heavy strokes of misfortune. His modesty, in victory, shews him to be one of the greatest among men; and his magnanimity under defeat, confirms him to be little less than a god.

"Such is the man, whose name you bear: How bitterly do I lament, that the one, to which nature gave you a claim, was so unworthy to be united with it, and that of my dear father!---

"On our return to Poland, the story which the palatine related, when questioned about

about my apparently forlorn state, was simply this;—"my daughter was married, and widowed in the course of two months. —Since then, to root from her memory, as much as possible, all recollection of a husband who was only given to be taken away, she still retains my name; and her son as my sole heir, shall bear no other." This reply satisfied every one: the king, who was my father's only confidant, gave his sanction to it, and no further inquiries were started.

"You are now, my beloved child, entering on the eventful career of life. God only knows, when the venerable head of your grandfather is laid in dust; and I, too, have shut my eyes upon you for ever, where destiny may send you! perhaps to the country of your father. Should you ever meet him—but that is unlikely; so, I will be silent on a subject, which eighteen years of reflection, have not yet deprived of its sting.

"Not to embitter the fresh spring of

your youth, my Thaddeus, with the draught that has poisoned mine; not to implant in your breast, hatred of a parent whom you may never behold, have I written this: but to inform you in fact from whom you sprung. My history is made plain to you, that no unexpected events may hereafter perplex your opinion of your mother; or cause a blush to rise on that cheek for her, which from your grandfather can derive no stain. For his sake, as well as for mine, whether in peace or in war, may the angels of Heaven guard my boy! This is the everlasting prayer of thy fond mother,

Villanow, March, 1792. "THERESE SOBIESKI."

When he finished reading, Thaddeus held the papers in his hand; but unable to recover from the shock of their contents, he read them a second time to the end: then laying them on the table; against which he rested his now aching head,

head, he gave vent to the fulness of his heart.

The countess anxious for the effect which her history might have on her son, at this instant entered the room. Seeing him in so dejected an attitude, she approached, and pressing him to her bosom, mingled her tears with his. Thaddeus, ashamed of his emotions, yet incapable of dissembling them, struggled a few moments to release himself from her arms. The countess, mistaking his motive, said in a melancholy voice, "And do you, my son, despise your mother for the weakness which she has revealed? Is this the reception that I expected from a child, on whose affection I reposed my confidence and my comfort?"

"No, my mother;" replied Thaddeus, "it is your afflictions, which have discomposed me. This is the first unhappy hour I ever endured, and can you wonder I should be affected? Oh! mother," continued

tinued he, laying his hand on his father's letter, "whatever were his rank, had my father been but noble in mind, I would have g'oried in bearing his name; but now, I put up my prayers never to hear it more."

"Forget him," cried the countess, hiding her eyes with her handkerchief.

"I will!" answered Thaddeus, "and allow my memory, to dwell only on the virtues of my mother."

It was impossible for the countess or her son, to conceal their agitation from the palatine, who now opened the door. On his expressing alarm at a sight so unusual, his daughter finding herself incapable of speaking, put into his hand the letter which Thaddeus had just read. Sobieski cast his eye over the first lines; he comprehended their tendency, and seeing that the countess had withdrawn, he looked towards his grandson. Thaddeus was walking up and down the room, striving to command himself for the conversation

versation which he anticipated with his grandfather.

"I am sorry, Thaddeus," said Sobieski, "that your mother has so abruptly imparted to you, the real name and character of your father. I see that his villainy has distressed a heart, which I have sought to make alive to the slightest dishonour. But be consoled, my dear boy! I have prevented the publicity of his conduct, by an ambiguous story of your mother's widowhood. Notwithstanding my arrangement, she judged it proper, that you should not enter general society, without being made acquainted with the true events of your birth. I believe my daughter is right. But cheer yourself, my child! you will imbitter the remainder of my days, if you suffer the vices of a worthless man to prey upon your mind."

"No, my lord;" answered his grandson, "you have been more than a parent to me; and henceforward, for your sake, as well as my own, I shall hold it my duty,

to forget that I drew my being from any other source than the house of Sobieski."

"You are right," cried the palatine, with an exulting emotion, "you have the spirit of your ancestors; and I shall live to see you add glory to the name!"

The beaming eyes and smiling lips of the young count, declared that he had shaken sorrow from his heart. His grandfather pressed his hand with delight; and saw in his recovered serenity the sure promise of his fond prophecy.

CHAP. II.

THE fearful day arrived, when Sobiesk and his grandson were to bid adieu to Villanow and its peaceful scenes.

The well-poised mind of the veteran, bade his daughter farewell, with a fortitude which imparted some of its strength even to her. But when Thaddeus, ready habited for his journey, entered the room, at the sight of his military accoutrements she shuddered; and when, with a glowing countenance, he advanced, smiling through his tears, towards her, she clasped him in her arms; and rivetted her lips to that face, the very loveliness of which, added to her affliction. She gazed at him, she wept on his neck, she pressed him to her bosom. "O! how soon might all that beauty be mingled with the dust! how soon might that warm heart, which then

beat against hers, be pierced by the sword! be laid on the ground, mangled and bleeding, exposed, and trampled on!" These thoughts thronged upon her soul, and deprived her of sense. She was carried away lifeless by her maids, while the palatine compelled Thaddeus to quit the spot.

It was not until the lofty battlements of Villanow blended with the clouds, that Thaddeus could throw off his melancholy. The parting agony of his mother hung on his spirits; and heavy and frequent were his sighs, as he gazed on the russet cottages and fertile fields, which reminded him that he was yet passing through the territories of his grandfather. The picturesque mill of Mariemont was the last spot on which his sight lingered. The ivy that mantled over its sides, sparkled with the brightness of a shower which had just fallen; and the rays of the setting sun, gleaming on its shattered wall, made it an object of such romantic beauty, as well

well as interest, that he could not help pointing it out to his fellow travellers.

Whilst the eyes of general Butzou, who was in the carriage, followed the direction of Thaddeus, the palatine observed the heightening animation of his features with pleasure; and recollecting at the same time, the transports which he himself enjoyed, when he visited that place one and twenty years ago, he put his hand on the shoulder of Butzou, and said, "general, did you ever relate to my boy the particulars of that mill?"

"No, my lord."

"I suppose," continued the palatine, "the same reason deterred you from speaking of it uncalled for, as lessened my wish to tell the story? We are both too much the heroes of the tale, to have volunteered the recital."

"Do you mean, my lord," asked Thaddeus, "the rescue of our king from this place?"

"I do."

"I have a very indistinct knowledge of the affair. I remember that it was told me many years ago; but I have almost forgotten it; and can only account for my apparent insensibility in never having inquired any further, by pleading the happy thoughtlessness in which you have hitherto permitted me to live."

"But," said the palatine, whose principal object was to draw his grandson from melancholy reflections; "What will you say to me, turning egotist?"

"I now ask the story of you;" returned Thaddeus smiling; "besides, as soldiers are permitted by the fire-side to '*fight their battles o'er again;*' your modesty, my dear grandfather, cannot object to repeat it to me here, on the way to more."

"As a preliminary," said the palatine, "to the relation of our history in form, I must suppose that it is unnecessary to tell you, that general Butzou was the brave soldier, who at the imminent risk of his life, saved our sovereign."

"Of

"Of course, I know that;" replied the young count; "and that you, too, had a share in the honour; for when I was yesterday presented to his majesty, amongst other things which he spoke of, he told me, that he believed, under heaven, he owed his present existence to general Butzou and yourself."

"So very little to me," resumed Sobieski; "that I will, to the best of my recollection, repeat every circumstance of the affair. Should I err, I must beg of you, general," turning to Butzou, "to put me right?"

Butzou, with a glow of honest exultation still painting his face, nodded assent; and Thaddeus, bowing to his grandfather in sign of attention, the palatine began.

"It was on Sunday night, the third of September, in the year 1771, that this event took place. At that time, instigated by the courts of Vienna and Constantinople, the confederate lords of Poland were laying waste their country, and perpetrating;

petrating all kinds of outrage on the loyal inhabitants.

"Amongst their numerous crimes, a plan was laid for surprising, and taking the king's person. Pulaski was one of the most daring of these rebels; and assisted by Lukawski, Strawenski, and Kosinski, three Poles of distinction, he meditated, at any rate to accomplish his death. Accordingly, the three latter, in obedience to his orders, with forty other conspirators, met at Czetschokow, and in the presence of their commander, swore with the most horrid oaths, to deliver Stanislaus alive or dead into his hands.

"About a month after this meeting, these noblemen, at the head of a band of assassins, disguised themselves as peasants; and, concealing their arms in waggons of hay, which they drove before them, they entered Warsaw unsuspected.

"It was ten o'clock, on the third of September, as I have told you, that they found an opportunity to execute their scheme. They placed themselves under cover of the night,

night, in those avenues of the city, through which they knew that his majesty must pass in his way from Villanow, where he had been dining with me. His carriage was escorted by four of his own attendants, myself, and twelve of my guards. We had scarcely lost sight of Villanow, when the conspirators rushed out and surrounded us, commanding the coachmen to stop, and beating down the men with the butt end of their musquets. Several shot were fired into the coach. One passed through my hat, as I was getting out, sword in hand, the better to repel an attack, the motive of which I could not divine. A cut across my right leg with a sabre, soon laid me under the wheels; and whilst I lay there, I heard the shot pouring into the coach like hail, and felt the villains stepping over my body to finish the murder of the king.

"It was then that our friend Butzou, (who at that period was a private soldier in my service,) stood between his sovereign and the rebels. In one instant he received several

ral balls through his limbs, and a thrust from a bayonet in his breast, which cast him, weltering in his blood, upon me. By this time, all the persons who had formed the escort, were either wounded or dispersed. Being now secure of their prey, one of the assassins opened the carriage door, and with shocking imprecations, seizing the king by the hair, cried, "Tyrant, we have thee now; thy hour is come!" and discharged his pistol so near his majesty's face, that he felt the heat of the flash. A second villain cut him on the forehead with a sword; whilst a third, who was on horseback, laying hold of his collar, between himself and another, at full gallop, dragged him along the ground through the suburbs of the city.

"During the latter part of this outrageous scene some of our frighted people returned with a detachment, and seeing Butzou and me apparently lifeless, carried us to the royal palace, where all was commotion and alarm. The foot guards immediately followed the track, which the conspirators

spirators seemed to have taken. In one of the streets they found the king's hat dyed in blood, and his pelise perfectly reticulated with bullet holes. This confirmed their apprehensions of his death; and they came back, filling all Warsaw with dismay.

"The assassins, meanwhile, got clear of the town. Finding, however, that the king, by loss of blood, was not likely to exist much longer, if they continued their manner of dragging him towards their employer, they set him on a horse, and redoubled their speed. When they came to the moat which surrounds Warsaw, they compelled him to leap across it. In the first attempt, his horse fell, and broke its leg: they then ordered his majesty, fainting as he was with pain, to mount another, and spur it over. The conspirators had no sooner passed the ditch, than they tore from his neck, the ribbon of the black eagle, and its diamond cross. Lukawski was so foolishly sure of his prisoner, that he quitted his charge, and repaired

paired with these spoils to Pulaski; meaning to shew them as proofs of his success. Many of the other plunderers, concluding that they could not do better than follow their leader's example, fled also; and left only seven of the party, with Kosinski at their head, to remain over the unfortunate Stanislaus.

"The night was now grown so dark, that they could not be sure of their way; and their horses stumbling at every step, over stumps of trees and hollows in the earth, increased their apprehensions to such a degree, that they obliged the king to keep up with them on foot: he literally marked his path with his blood; his shoes having been torn off in the struggle at the carriage. Thus they continued, wandering backwards and forwards, and round the outskirts of Warsaw, without any exact knowledge of their situation. The men who guarded him, at last became so much afraid of their prisoner's taking advantage of these circumstances, to escape, that they repeatedly

repeatedly called on Kosinski for orders to put him to death. Kosinski refused; but their demands growing more violent and imperious, as they found the intricacies of the forest involve them completely, the king expected every moment to receive the points of their bayonets in his breast.

"When I recovered from my swoon, my leg was bound up, and I was able to stir. Questioning the officers who stood about my couch, I found that a general panick had seized them. They knew not how to proceed; they shuddered at leaving the king to the mercy of the confederates; and yet were fearful, by pursuing him farther, to incense them, through terror or revenge, to massacre their prisoner, if he were still alive. I did all that was in my power to dispel this last dread. Anxious, at any rate to make another attempt to preserve him, though I could not ride myself, I strenuously advised an immediate pursuit on horseback; and insisted, that neither darkness nor danger, should be permitted

mitted to impede their course. A little spirit on the side of the nobles, soon brought back hope and animation to the terrified soldiers; and my orders were obeyed. But I must add, almost as instantly disappointed: for, in less than half an hour the detachment returned in despair, shewing me his majesty's coat, which they had found in the fosse. I suppose the ruffians tore it off when they rifled him. It was rent in several places, and so wet with blood, that the officer who presented it to me, declared his opinion, that they had murdered the king there, and had drawn away the body; for by the light of the torches, he could trace drops of blood to a considerable distance.

"Whilst I was attempting to invalidate this new evidence of his majesty's being beyond the reach of succour or of insult, he was driven before the seven conspirators, so far into the wood of Bielany, that not knowing whither they went, they came up with one of the guard houses, and to their

their extreme terror were accosted by a patrole. Four of the banditti immediately disappeared, leaving two only with Kosinski; who, much alarmed, forced his prisoner to walk faster, and keep a profound silence. Notwithstanding all this precaution, scarce a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were challenged by a second watch; and the other two men, taking to flight, Konsinski, full of dismay, was left alone with the king. His majesty, sinking with pain and fatigue, beseeched permission to rest for a moment; but Kosinski refused, and pointing his sword towards the king, compelled him to proceed.

"As they walked on, the unfortunate Stanislaus, who was hardly able to drag one limb after the other, observed that his conductor gradually forgot his vigilance, until he was thoroughly given up to thought. He took courage at this; and conceiving some hope, from the changes, and agitation of Kosinski's countenance, he ventured to say, "I see, that you know not

not how to proceed. You cannot but be aware that the enterprise in which you are engaged, however it may end, is full of peril to you. Successful conspirators are always jealous of each other: Pulaski will find it as easy to rid himself of your life, as it is to take mine. Avoid this danger; and I will promise you none on my account. Suffer me to enter the convent of Bielany; we cannot be far from it; and then, do you provide for your safety." Kosinski, rendered desperate by the circumstances in which he was involved, replied, "No; I have sworn; and I would rather sacrifice my life than my honour."

"The king had neither strength nor spirits to make an answer. They continued to break their way through the underwood, until they arrived close to Mariemont. Here Stanislaus, unable to stir another step, fell back against a tree, and again implored for one moment's rest, to recover some power to move. Kosinski con-

consented. This unexpected humanity, encouraged his majesty to employ the minutes, during which they sat together, in another attempt to soften his heart; and to convince him, that the oath which he had taken, was attrocious, and by no means binding, to a brave and virtuous man.

"Kosinski heard him with attention; and exhibited strong symptoms of being affected. "But," said he, "if I should assent to what you propose, and re-conduct you to Warsaw, what will be the consequence to me? I shall be taken and executed."—"I give you my word," answered the king, "that you shall not suffer any injury. But if you doubt my honour, escape while you can. I shall find a way to some place of shelter; and will direct your pursuers, to take the opposite road to that which you may chuse." Kosinski entirely overcome, threw himself on his knees before his majesty; and, imploring pardon for what he had done, swore,

swore, that from this hour, he would defend his king against all the conspirators; and would trust confidently on his word, for future preservation. Stanislaus repeated his promise of forgiveness and protection; and directing him to seek refuge for them both, in the mill near which they were discoursing, Kosinski obeyed, and knocked; but no one gave answer. He then broke a pane of glass in the window, and through it, begged succour for a nobleman, who had been way-laid by robbers. The miller refused to come out, or to let them in; telling them, it was his belief, that they were robbers themselves; and if they did not go away, he would fire on them.

"This dispute had continued for near an hour, when the king, who grew impatient, contrived to crawl up close to the window, and said, "My good friend, if we were banditti as you suppose, it would be as easy for us, without all this parley, to break into your house, as to break this pane

pane of glass; therefore if you would not incur the shame of suffering a fellow-creature to perish for want of assistance, give us admittance." This argument had its weight with the man and opening the door, he desired them to enter. After some trouble, his majesty procured pen and ink; and addressing a few lines to me at the palace, with more difficulty, he prevailed on one of the miller's sons to carry it; so fearful were they of falling in with any of the troop, who, they understood, had plundered their guests.

"The joy that I felt at the sight of this note, I cannot describe. I well remember the contents; they were literally these:

"'By the miraculous hand of Providence, I have escaped from the hands of assassins. I am now at the mill of Mariemont. Send as soon as possible, and take me hence. I am wounded, but not dangerously."

"Regardless

"Regardless of my condition, I instantly got into a carriage, and followed by a detachment of horse, arrived at the mill. I met Kosinski at the door, keeping guard, with his sword drawn. As he knew my person, he admitted me directly. The king had fallen into a sleep; and lay in one corner of the hovel, on the ground, covered with the miller's cloak. To see the most virtuous monarch in the world, thus abused by his ungrateful subjects, pierced me to the heart; and kneeling down by his side, I took hold of his hand, and in a paroxysm of tears, which I am not ashamed to confess, I exclaimed, 'I thank thee, Almighty God, that I again see my sovereign alive!' It is not easy to say, how these words struck the simple family. They dropped on their knees before the king, whom my voice had awakened, and beseeched his pardon for all their ill-manners. The good Stanislaus soon quieted their fears; and graciously

thanking

thanking them for their kindness, told the miller to come to the palace the next day, when he would show him his gratitude in a better way than by promises.

"The officers of the detachment then assisted his majesty and myself, into the carriage; and, accompanied by Kosinski, we reached Warsaw about six in the morning."

"Yes," interrupted Butzou, "I remember my tumultuous joy, when the news was brought to me, in my bed, that I had not in vain received the wounds intended for my sovereign; it almost deprived me of my senses:—and besides, his majesty visited his poor soldier in his chamber. Do you not recollect, my lord, how he was brought into my room in a chair, between two men? and how he thanked me, and shook hands with me? It made me like a child."

"But," inquired Thaddeus, hardly recovering from the deep attention with which he had listened to this recital;

"what became of Kosinski? I suppose the king kept his word."

"He did indeed," replied Sobieski; "his word is at all times sacred. Yet I believe Kosinski entertained fears that he would not be so generous; for I perceived him look anxious, and change colour very often, whilst he was in the coach. However he was soon tranquillized by his majesty, who, when he alighted at the palace, in the midst of the joyous cries of the people, leaned upon his arm, and presented him to the populace, as his preserver. The great gate was ordered to be left open; and never, whilst I live, shall I again behold such a scene! every soul in Warsaw, from the highest to the lowest, came, to catch a glimpse of their rescued sovereign; seeing the doors free, they entered without ceremony; and thronged forward in crowds, to get near enough to kiss his hand, or to touch his clothes; then, elated with joy, they turned to Kosinski, and loaded him with demonstrations

tions of gratitude, calling him the '*Saviour of their good king.*' Kosinski bore all this with surprising firmness; but in a day or two, when the facts of the business became known, he guessed that he might meet with different treatment from the people, and therefore petitioned his majesty for leave to depart. Stanislaus consented; and he retired to Semigallia, where he now lives, on a handsome pension from the king."

"For me," said the general, "you see how he has rewarded me, for doing that, which was merely my duty. He put it at my option, to become what I pleased about his person, or to hold what rank I liked in the army. Love ennobles servitude; and attached as I have ever been to your family, under whom all my ancestors have lived and fought, I vowed in my own mind never to quit it; and accordingly, only begged permission of my sovereign to remain with the count Sobieski. I did remain: but see," cried he, his voice

faultering, "what they have made of me! I command those troops, amongst whom, it was once my greatest glory to be a private soldier."

Thaddeus pressed the hand of the veteran between both his; and regarded him with respect and affection, whilst the grateful old man wiped away a tear from his face.

"How happy ought it to make you, my son," observed Sobieski; "that you are called out to support such a sovereign! He is not merely a king, whom you follow to battle, because he will lead you to honour; the hearts of his people acknowledge him in a superior light: they look on him as their friend; as a being delegated by God, to study what is their greatest good; then to bestow it; and, when it is attacked, to defend it. To preserve the life of such a sovereign, who is there that would not sacrifice his own?"

"Yes," cried Butzou; "and how ought we to abhor them who threaten his life!

life! How ought we to estimate those crowned heads, who, under the mask of amity, have, from the year sixty-four, when he ascended the throne, until now, been plotting his death! That calamity, O Heaven, avert! Happen when it may, it will, I fear, be a prelude to the certain ruin of our country!"

"Not so," interrupted Thaddeus, with eagerness; "not whilst a Polander has power to lift an arm, shall it be quite lost."

Butzou applauded his spirit; and warmly seconded the palatine, who (never weary of infusing into the mind of his grandson an interest for his country,) pursued the discourse; and dwelt minutely on the happy tendency of the glorious constitution of ninety-one, in defence of which they were now going to hazard their lives. As Sobieski pointed out its several excellencies, and described the pure spirit of freedom which animated its laws, the soul of Thaddeus followed his eloquence; and with the unrestrained

fervour of youth, he branded the names of Catherine, and the faithless Frederick, with some of those epithets, which posterity will affix to them for ever. During these conversations, Thaddeus forgot his regrets; and the third day, they put themselves at the head of their men, and commenced a regular march.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE little army of the palatine, passed by the battlements of Chelm; crossed the Bug into the plains of Volhinia; and impatiently counted the leagues over those vast tracts, until it reached the borders of Kiovia.

When the column, at the head of which Thaddeus was stationed, descended the heights of Lininy, and the broad camp of his countrymen burst upon his sight, his heart heaved with an emotion quite new to him. He beheld with admiration the regular disposition of the entrenchments, the long intersected streets, and the warlike appearance of the soldiers, whom he could descry, even at that distance, by the beams of a bright evening sun, which shone upon their arms.

In half an hour, his troops descended into the plain; where, meeting those of the palatine, and the general, the three columns again united; and Thaddeus joined his grandfather in the van.

"My lord," cried he, as they met, "can I behold such a sight, and despair of the freedom of Poland!"

Sobieski made no reply; but giving him one of those expressive looks of approbation, which immediately makes its way to the soul, he commanded the troops to advance with greater speed. In a few minutes they reached the outworks of the camp, and entered the lines. The eager eyes of Thaddeus wandered from object to object; Thrilling with that delight, with which youth beholds wonders, and anticipates more, he stopped with the rest of the party before a tent, which general Butzou informed him belonged to the commander in chief. They were met in the vestibule, by an hussar officer of a most commanding appearance. Sobieski, and

he,

he, having accosted each other with mutual congratulations, the palatine turned round to Thaddeus, took him by the hand, and presenting him to his friend, said with a smile,

"Here, my dear Kosciuszko, this young man is my grandson; he is called Thaddeus Sobieski; and I trust, that he will not disgrace either of our names!"

Kosciuszko embraced the young count; and with a hearty pressure of his hand, replied: "Thaddeus! if you resemble your grandfather, you will remember, that the only king of Poland who equalled Stanislaus, was a Sobieski; and, as becomes his descendant, you will not spare your best blood in the service of your country."

As Kosciuszko finished speaking, an aid-de-camp came forward, to lead the party into the room of audience. Prince Poniatowski, welcomed the palatine and his suite, with the most lively expressions of pleasure. He gave Thaddeus, whose figure and manner instantly charmed him,

many flattering assurances of friendship; and promised, that he would appoint him to the first post of honour which should offer. After detaining them half an hour on the subject of their march, his highness withdrew; and they rejoined Kosciuszko, who conducted them to the quarter where the Masovian soldiers had already pitched their tents.

The officers who supped with Sobieski, left him at an early hour, that he might retire to rest; but Thaddeus, was neither able nor inclined to benefit by their consideration. He laid himself on the bed, shut his eyes, and tried to sleep; but the attempt was without success; in vain he turned from side to side, in vain he attempted to restrict his thoughts to one thing at once; his imagination was so roused, by anticipating the scenes in which he was to become an actor, that he found it impossible even to lie still. His spirits being quite awake, he determined to rise, and to walk himself drowsy.

Seeing his grandfather sound asleep, he got

got up, and dressed himself quietly; then stealing gently from the marquée, he gave the word in a low whisper to the guard at the door, and proceeded down the lines. The pitying moon seemed to stand in the heavens, watching the awaking of those heroes, who the next day might sleep to rise no more. At another time, and in another mood, such might have been his reflections; but now he pursued his walk with different thoughts; no meditations but those of pleasure possessed his breast. He looked on the moon with transport: he beheld the light of that beautiful planet, trailing its long stream of glory across the entrenchments. He perceived a solitary candle here and there, glimmering through the curtained entrance of the tents; which showed, that their inmates were probably longing, with the same anxiety as himself, for the morning's dawn.

Thaddeus walked slowly on; sometimes pausing at the lonely footfall of the centinel, or answering with a start, to the

sudden challenge for the parole; then lingering at the door of some of these canvas dwellings, he offered up a prayer for the brave inhabitant, who had quitted the endearments of home, to expose his life, and stand on this spot, a bulwark of liberty. Thaddeus knew not what it was to be a soldier by profession; he had no idea of making war a trade, by which a man is at any rate to acquire subsistence and wealth: he had but one motive for appearing in the field, and one for leaving it: To repel invasion, and to establish peace.—The first energy of his mind, was a desire to assert the rights of his country: It had been inculcated into him, when an infant; it had been the subject of his morning thoughts, and nightly dreams; it was now the passion which beat in every artery of his heart; yet, he knew no honour in slaughter; his glory lay in the defence; and, when that was accomplished, his sword would return to its scabbard, unstained by the blood of a vanquished, or an invaded people.

people. On these principles, he was at this hour full of enthusiasm: a glow of triumph flitted over his cheek, for he had left the indulgencies of his mother's palace, had left her maternal arms, to take upon him the toils of war, and risk an existence just blown into enjoyment. A noble satisfaction rose in his mind; and with all the animation, which an inexperienced and raised fancy, imparts to that age when boyhood breaks into man, his soul grasped at every show of creation with the confidence of belief: Pressing the sabre which he held in his hand, to his lips, he half uttered, "Never will I suffer this sword to leave my arm, but at the command of mercy; or when death shall deprive my nerves of their strength."

Morning was tinging the hills which bound the eastern horizon of Winnica, before Thaddeus found that his pelise was wet with dew, and that he ought to return to his tent. Hardly had he laid his head upon the pillow, and '*lulled his senses in forgetfulness*,' when he was disturbed by a con-

a confused noise, and the drum beat to arms. He opened his eyes; and seeing that Sobieski was out of bed, he sprung from his own, and eagerly enquired the cause of the alarm.

"Only follow me directly," answered his grandfather, as he quitted the tent.

Whilst Thaddeus was putting on his clothes; and buckling on his arms, with a trembling eagerness, which almost defeated his haste, an aid-de-camp of the prince entered. He brought information, that an advanced guard of the Russians, about three hundred piquets, had attacked a Polish out-post, under the command of lieutenant Lomza; and that his highness, had ordered a detachment from the palatine's brigade, to march immediately to its relief. Before Thaddeus could reply, Sobieski sent in, to apprise his grandson, that the prince had appointed him to be second in command over the troops, which were turning out to assist the lieutenant.

Thaddeus heard this message with delight:

light: yet fearful in what manner the event might answer the expectations, which this high distinction declared, he issued from his tent like a youthful Mars; or rather like the Spartan Isadas, trembling at the dazzling effects of his temerity; and hiding his valour and his blushes, beneath the waving plumes of his helmet. Kosciuszko, who was to head the party, observed this modesty with pleasure, and shaking him warmly by the hand, "Go, Thaddeus," said he, "take your station on the left flank; I shall require your fresh spirits, to lead the charge, which I intend it to make, and to ensure its success." Thaddeus bowed to these encouraging words, and took his place according to order.

Every thing being ready, the detachment quitted the camp; and dashing through the dews of a sweet morning, for it was yet May, in a few hours arrived in view of the Russian battalions. Lomza, who from the only redoubt now in his possession, caught a glimpse of this welcome reinforce-

reinforcement, rallied his few remaining men, and by the time that Kosciuszko came up, contrived to join him in the van. The fight re-commenced. Thaddeus at the head of his hussars, in full gallop, bore down upon the enemy. They received the charge with firmness; but the young leader, perceiving that extraordinary means were necessary, exerted his voice to the utmost: calling on his men to follow him, he put spurs to his horse, and rushed into the thickest of the battle. His soldiers did not shrink: they pressed on, mowing down the foremost ranks; whilst he, by a lucky stroke of his sabre, disabled the sword arm of the Russian standard-bearer, and seized the colours. His own troops seeing the standard in his hand, with one accord, in loud and repeated cries shouted victory. The reserve of the enemy alarmed at this outcry, instantly gave way; and retreating with precipitation, was soon followed by the rear ranks of the centre; where Kosciuszko had already slain the commander

of the attack. The flanks next gave ground; and after holding a short stand at intervals, at length fairly turned about, and fled panic-struck, across the country.

The conquerors, elated with so sudden a success, put their horses on full speed; and without order, or attention, pursued the fugitives, with the noise of thunder, until they were lost amidst the tree of a distant wood. Kosciuszko called on his men to stop; but he called in vain: they continued their career, animating each other; and with redoubled shouts, drowned the voice of Thaddeus, who was galloping forwards, repeating the command, until they were met at the entrance of the wood by a few stragglers, who had formed themselves into a body. These men withstood the first onset of the Poles with considerable steadiness: But after a skirmish of ten minutes, they fled a second time; and took refuge in the bushes, where, still regardless of orders, their enemies followed. Kosciuszko foreseeing the consequence of this rashness,

rashness, ordered Thaddeus to dismount part of his squadron, and march after these headstrong men, into the forest. He came up with them on the edge of a heathy tract of land, just as they were extending their lines to surround a band of arquebusiers, who having kept up a quick running fire as they retreated, had drawn their pursuers thus far into the thickets. Heedless of any thing but giving their enemy a complete defeat, the Polanders went on, never looking to the left nor to the right, till all at once they found themselves encompassed by two thousand Muscovite horse, several battalions of chasseurs, and in front of fourteen pieces of cannon, which this dreadful ambuscade fired upon them, with instant and unremitted violence.

Thaddeus threw himself into the midst of his countrymen, and taking the place of their unfortunate conductor, who had been killed in the first sweep of the artillery, prepared the men for a desperate stand. He gave his orders with intrepidity, and

and coolness, though under a heavy shower of musquetry and a cannonade, which carried death in every round: for himself he had no care; how to relieve the brave Poles from the dilemma into which they had plunged themselves, was the only thought that occupied his mind. In a few minutes, the scattered soldiers were consolidated into a close phalanx, flanked and reared with pikemen; 'who stood, like a grove of pines in a day of tempest, only moving their heads and arms.' Many of the Russian horse, impaled themselves on the sides of this little phalanx, which they vainly attempted to shake, although the ordnance was rapidly weakening its strength. File after file, the men were swept down; their bodies making a horrid rampart for their brave comrades, who, rendered desperate by slaughter, at last threw away their most cumbrous accoutrements, and crying to their leader, "Let us escape or die!" followed him sword in hand; and bearing like a torrent

upon

upon the enemy's ranks, cut their way through the forest. The Russians exasperated that their prey should not only escape, but escape by such dauntless valour, hung closely on their rear, goading them with musquetry; whilst they, (like a wounded lion, hardly pressed by the hunters, who retreats, and yet stands proudly at bay) gradually retired towards the camp with a backward step, their faces towards the foe.

Meanwhile, Sobieski, anxious for the fate of the day, mounted the dyke, and looked eagerly around, for the arrival of some messenger from the little army. As the wind blew strongly from the south, a cloud of dust precluded his view; but from the approach of firing, and the clashing of arms, he was led to fear that his friends had been defeated, and were retreating towards the camp. He instantly quitted the lines to call out a fresh reinforcement; but before it could advance, Kosciuszko and his squadron on the full charge, appeared in sight

sight of the enemy; who suddenly halted, and wheeling round, left the harassed Polanders to enter the trenches in quiet.

Thaddeus, covered with dust and blood, flung himself into his grandfather's arms. In the heat of action, his left arm had been wounded by a cossac: fearful that the loss of blood might disable him from further service, at the moment it happened he bound it up in his sash, and thought no more of the accident, until the palatine remarked the stains on his cloak and the bosom of his shirt.

"My injury is slight, my dear sir;" said he, "I wish to heaven, that it were all the evil which has befallen us to-day! Look at the remnant of our brave comrades."

Sobieski turned his eyes on the panting soldiers, and on Kosciuszko, who was inspecting them. Some of them, no longer upheld by desperation, were sinking with wounds and fatigue; these, the good general, ever mindful of the comfort of his men, sent off in litters to the medical department: and others, who had sustained the

the conflict of the day without meeting any personal harm, after having received the praise and admonition of their commander, were dismissed to their quarters.

Before this inspection was half over, the palatine found it necessary to assist Thaddeus to his tent; who, in spite of his exertions to the contrary, became so faint, that he staggered, rather than walked, as he was led off the ground.

A short time restored him. With his arm in a sling, he joined his brother officers, on the fourth day, at the parade. After the duty of the morning, he heard with concern, that during his confinement, the Russians had augmented their force to such a tremendous strength, that it was impossible for the Poles to remain longer at Winnica, without incurring the danger of being surrounded, and cut to pieces. In consequence of this report, the prince had convened a council late the preceding night, in which it was determined, that the camp should be immediately razed, and removed towards Zielime

This

This information displeased Thaddeus, who in his fairy dreams of war, always added conquest, as the sure end of his battles:—and many were the sighs which he drew, when, at an hour before dawn on the following day, he witnessed the striking of the tents, which he thought, was only the prelude to a shameful flight from the enemy. While he was standing by the sides of the busy people, and musing on the nice line which divides prudence from pusillanimity, his grandfather came up. He desired him to mount his horse, and told him, that owing to the unhealed state of his wound, he was removed from the vanguard, and ordered to march in the centre, along with the prince. Thaddeus very warmly remonstrated against this arrangement: he called his hurt a mere scratch; and almost reproached the palatine, for forfeiting his promise, that he should always be stationed near his person. Sobieski would not be moved, either by argument or entreaty; and Thaddeus, finding that he neither could,

could, nor ought oppose him, obeyed, and followed an aid-de-camp to his highness.

After a march of three hours, the army came in sight of Volumna, where the advanced column suddenly halted. Thaddeus, who was about half a mile to its rear, with a throbbing heart, heard that a momentous pass must be disputed before they could proceed. He curbed his horse, then gave it the spur; so eagerly did he wish to penetrate the cloud of smoke, which rose in volumes from the discharge of musquetry, on whose wing, at every round, he dreaded might be carried the fate of his grandfather. At last the firing ceased, and the troops were commanded to go forward. On entering the contested defile, Thaddeus shuddered; for at every step the heels of his charger struck upon the wounded or the dead. There lay his enemies, here lay his friends: his respiration was nearly suspended by suffocation; his eyes clung to the ground, expecting at each moment, to fasten on the breathless body of his grandfather.

Again,

Again, the tumult of battle presented itself. About a hundred soldiers, in one firm rank, stood at the end of the pass, firing on the rear-guard of the Russians, which was rapidly dispersing. Thaddeus checked his horse. Five hundred had been detached to this post; how few remained! Could he hope Sobieski had escaped such a desperate rencontre? Fearing the worst, and dreading to have those fears confirmed, his heart sickened when he received orders from Poniatowski, to examine the extent of the loss. He rode up close to the mouth of the defile. He could no where see the palatine. A few of the hussars, a little in advance, were engaged over a heap of the killed, defending it from a troop of chasseurs, who appeared fighting for the barbarous privilege of trampling on the bodies. Thaddeus at this sight, and impelled by despair, called out, "Courage, soldiers! the prince is here." The chasseurs looking forward, saw that the information

was true, and took to flight. Poniatowski, almost at the word, was by the side of his young friend, who, unconscious of any reflection but filial solicitude, had dismounted.

"Where is the palatine?" was his immediate enquiry, addressed to a soldier, who was stooping towards the slain. The man made no answer, but lifted from the heap the bodies of two soldiers, which lay at the top; beneath the slain, Thaddeus saw the pale and deadly features of his grandfather. He staggered a few paces back: and the prince, thinking that he was falling, put out his arm to support him; but he recovered himself, and flew forwards to assist Kosciuszko, who had raised the head of the palatine upon his knee.

"Is he alive?" enquired Thaddeus.

"He breathes."

Hope was now warm in his breast. The soldiers soon released Sobieski from the surrounding dead; but his swoon continuing, the prince desired that he might be laid on a bank, until a litter could be brought

brought from the rear ranks, to convey him to a place of security. Meantime, Thaddeus and the general bound up his wounds, and poured some water into his lips. The effusion of blood being stopped, the brave veteran opened his eyes; and in a few minutes, whilst he leaned on the bosom of his grandson, was so far restored, as to receive with his usual modest dignity, the thanks of his highness, for the intrepidity with which he had preserved a passage, which ensured the safety of the whole army.

Two surgeons who arrived with the litter, relieved the anxiety of the by-standers, by an assurance, that the wounds which they re-examined, were not dangerous. Having laid their patient on the vehicle, they were preparing to retire with it into the rear, when Thaddeus petitioned the prince to grant him permission to take the command of the guard which was appointed to attend his grandfather. His highness consented; but Sobieski positively refused.

"No, Thaddeus;" said he, "you forget the effect which this solicitude, about so trifling a matter, might have on the men. Remember, that he who goes into battle, only puts his own life to the hazard; but that he who abandons the field, sports with the lives of his soldiers. Do not give them leave to suppose, that even your dearest interest could tempt *you* from the front of danger, when it is your duty to remain there." Thaddeus obeyed his grandfather in silence; and at seven o'clock the army resumed its march.

Near Zielime, the prince was saluted by a reinforcement of fresh troops. This succour appeared very seasonably. The scouts had brought information, that directly across the plain, the Russians, under the command of general Branicki, with doubled numbers, were drawn up in order of battle, to dispute their progress.

Thaddeus, for the first time, shuddered at the sight of the enemy. Should his friends be defeated, what might be the fate of

of his grandfather, now rendered helpless by his wounds! Occupied by these fears, with anxiety in his heart, he kept his place at the head of the light horse, close to the hill.

Prince Poniatowski ordered the lines to extend themselves, that the right should reach to the river; and the left be covered by a rising ground, on which were mounted seven pieces of ordnance. Immediately after these dispositions, the battle commenced. It continued with violence and unabating fury, from eight in the morning until sunset. Several times during the contest, the Poles were driven from their ground; but recovering themselves, and animated by their commanders, they prosecuted the fight with advantage. General Branicki perceiving that the fortune of the day was going against him, ordered up the body of reserve, consisting of four thousand men besides several cannon; for the latter, they erected temporary batteries in a few minutes;—with this unex-

pected addition of new forces, he opened a rapid and destructive fire on the Polanders, who, already sinking with the fatigue of marching, and the heat of the sun, were now on the point of giving way. Kosciuszko, alarmed at the retrograde motion of the troops, gave orders for a close attack on the enemy in front, whilst Thaddeus, at the head of his hussars, should wheel round the hill of artillery, and, with loud cries, charge the opposite flank. This stratagem succeeded. The cossacs who were posted on that spot, seeing the impetuosity of the Poles, and the quarter whence they came, supposed them to be a fresh squadron; gave ground, and opening in all directions, threw their own people into a confusion that completed the defeat. Kosciuszko and the prince were equally successful, where they attacked; and a general panic amongst their adversaries was the consequence. The whole of the Russian army now took to flight, except a few regiments

ments of carabiniers, who were entangled between the river and the Poles. These were immediately surrounded by a battalion of Masovian infantry; who, enraged at the loss that their body had sustained the preceding day, answered the cry for quarter, with reproach and derision. At this instant, the Sobieski squadron, who were scouring the field, came up; and Thaddeus, who saw the perilous situation of these regiments, ordered the slaughter to cease, and the men to be taken prisoners. The Masovians exhibited strong signs of dissatisfaction at such commands; but the young count, charging through them, ranged his troops before the Russians, and threatened, that the first man who should dare to lift a sword against his order, should be shot. The Poles dropped their arms. The poor carabiniers fell on their knees to thank his mercy; whilst their officers, in a sullen silence, which seemed ashamed of grati-

tude, surrendered their swords into the hands of their deliverers.

During this scene, only one very young Russian, appeared wholly refractory. He held up his sword, in a menacing posture, when Thaddeus, who was approaching, drew near; and before he had time to speak, the young man made a lounge at his breast, which a hussar parried with great dexterity; and, striking him to the earth, would have killed him on the spot, had not Thaddeus caught the blow on his own sword: then instantly dismounting, he raised the officer from the ground, and apologized for the too hasty zeal of the soldier. The youth blushed, and bowing, presented his sword; which was received, and directly returned.

"Brave Sir," said Thaddeus, "I consider myself ennobled in restoring this sword to him, who has so courageously defended it."

The Russian made no reply, but by a second bow; and put his hand on his breast,

breast, which was wet with blood. Ceremony was now at an end. Thaddeus never looked upon the unfortunate as strangers: accosting the wounded young soldier with a friendly voice, he assured him of his services, and made him lean on his shoulder. The officer, incapable of speaking, accepted the assistance of his enemy; but before a conveyance could arrive, for which two men were dispatched, he fainted in his arms. Thaddeus, who was obliged to join the prince with his prisoners, very unwillingly left the young Russian in this situation. Before he did so, he directed one of his lieutenants to stay behind; and to take care, that the surgeons should pay attention to the officer, and have his litter carried next to the palatine's during the remainder of the march.

When the army halted at nine o'clock, preparations were made to fix the camp; and in case of a surprisal from any part of the dispersed enemy, which might have rallied,

lied, orders were delivered for throwing up a dyke. Thaddeus, having been assured that his grandfather, and the wounded Russian, were comfortably stationed together, did not hesitate to accept with alacrity the command of the entrenching party. To that end, he wrapped himself loosely in his pelise, and prepared for a long watch. The night was beautiful. It being the month of June, a softening warmth still floated through the air, as if the moon, which shone over his head, emitted heat, as well as splendour. His mind was in unison with the season. He rode slowly round, from bank to bank; sometimes speaking to the workers in the fosse; sometimes lingering for a few minutes, looking on the ground, he thought on the element of which he was composed, to which he might so soon return; then gazing upwards, he observed the silent march of the stars, and the moving scene of the heavens. On whatever object he cast his

his eyes, his soul, which the recent events had dissolved into a temper not the less delightful for being tinged with melancholy, meditated with intense compassion; and dwelt with wonder, on the mind of man; which, whilst it adores the Creator of the universe, and measures the immensity of space, with an expansion of intellect almost divine, can devote itself to the narrow limits of sublunary possessions; and exchange the boundless paradise above, for the low enjoyments of human pride. He looked with pity over that wide tract of land, which now lay betwixt him and the remains of those four thousand Russians, who had fallen victims to the insatiate desire of ambition. He well knew the difference between a defender of his own country, and the invader of another's. His heart beat, his soul expanded, at the prospect of securing liberty and life, to a virtuous people he *felt* all the happiness of such an achievement, while he could *imagine* only,

how that spirit must shrink from reflection, which would animate the self-condemned slave, to fight, not merely to fasten chains on others, but to rivet his own still closer. The best affections of man, having put the sword into the hand of Thaddeus, his principles, as a christian, did not remonstrate against his passion for arms.

When he was told that the fortifications were finished, he retired, with a tranquil step and smiling countenance, towards the Masovian quarters. He found the palatine awake, and eager to welcome him with the joyful information, that his wounds were so slight, as to promise a speedy amendment. Thaddeus asked for his prisoner. The palatine said, "he is in the next tent; where, according to your desire, the surgeon closely attends him; and he has given a very favourable opinion of his wound, which was a shot through the muscles of the breast."

"Have you seen him, my dear Sir?" enquired

enquired Thaddeus, "Does he express himself, as if he thinks himself well treated?"

"Yes;" replied the palatine, "I was supported into his marquée, before I retired to my own. I told him who I was, and repeated your offers of service. He received my proffer, with lively expressions of gratitude; and at the same time declared, that he had nothing to blame, but his own folly, for bringing him to the state in which he now lies."

"How, my lord!" rejoined Thaddeus, rather surprised, "Does he repent of being a soldier? or is he ashamed of the cause for which he fought?"

"Both, Thaddeus; he is not a Russian, but a young Englishman."

"An Englishman! and raise his arm against a country struggling for liberty!"

"It is very true;" returned the palatine, "but as he confessed, that it was his folly, and the persuasions of others, which impelled him, he merits pardon; he is a mere youth; I think, hardly of your age. I understand that he is of rank;

and

and having undertaken the tour of Europe, under the direction of a travelling governor, he took Russia in his route. At Petersburgh, he became intimate with many of the nobility; particularly with count Branicki, at whose house he resided: and when his lordship was named to the command of the army in Poland, Mr. Somerset, (for that is your prisoner's name,) instigated by his own volatility, and the arguments of his host, volunteered with him; and so followed his friend, to oppose that freedom here, which he would have asserted in his own nation."

Thaddeus thanked his grandfather for this information; and pleased that the young man, who had so much interested him, was not a Muscovite, he gayly, and instantly repaired to his tent.

A generous heart is as eloquent in acknowledging benefits, as it is bounteous in bestowing them; and Mr. Somerset received his preserver with the warmest demonstrations of gratitude. Thaddeus begged him not to consider himself

himself as particularly obliged, by a conduct, which every soldier of honour has a right to expect from another. The Englishman bowed his head; and Thaddeus sat down by his bed-side, where he remained for near an hour.

Whilst he gathered from his own lips, a corroboration of the narrative of the palatine, he could not forbear inquiring, how a person of his apparent candour, and who was also the native of a soil, where liberty had so long been the palladium of its happiness, could volunteer in a cause, the object of which was to make a brave people slaves?

Somerset listened to these questions with blushes; and they did not leave his face, when he confessed, that all he could say in extenuation of what he had done, was to plead his youth, and having thought little on the subject.

"I was wrought upon," continued he, "by a variety of circumstances; first, the principles of Mr. Loftus, my governor, are strongly in favour of the court of Petersburgh:

tersburgh: secondly, my father disliked the army, and I adored it; this was the only opportunity which presented itself, in which I might ever satisfy my passion: and lastly, I believe that I was dazzled by the picture which the young men about me, drew of the campaign. I longed to be a soldier; they persuaded me; and I followed them to the field, as I would have done to a ball-room, heedless of the consequence."

"Yet," replied Thaddeus, smiling, "from the intrepidity with which you maintained your ground, when your arms were demanded, any one might have thought, that your whole soul, as well as your body, was engaged in the cause."

"To be sure," returned Somerset, "I was a blockhead to be there; but when there, I should have despised myself for ever, had I given up my honour to those ruffians, who would have wrested my sword from me! But when *you* came, noble Sobieski, it was the fate of war, and I confided myself to a brave man."

CHAP. IV.

EACH succeeding morning, not only brought fresh symptoms of recovery to the two invalids; but condensed the interest and admiration of the young men, into a solid and ardent esteem.

It is not the disposition of youthful minds, to weigh for months and years, the sterling value of those qualities which attract them. As soon as they see virtue, they respect it; as soon as they meet kindness, they believe it; and as soon as a union of both, presents itself, they love it. Not having passed through the disappointments of a delusive world, they grasp for reality every pageant which appears. They have not yet admitted that cruel doctrine, which, when it takes effect, creates and extends the misery it affects

fects to cure. Whilst we give up our souls to suspicion, we gradually learn to deceive; whilst we repress the fervours of our own hearts, we freeze those which approach us; whilst we cautiously avoid occasions of receiving pain, at every remove, we acquire an unconscious influence to inflict it on those who follow us. They again meet from our conduct and lips, the reason and the lesson, to destroy the expanding sensibilities of their nature; and thus the tormenting chain of deceived and deceiving characters is lengthened to infinitude.

About the latter end of the month, Sobieski received a summons, desiring his immediate attendance at court; where a Diet was to be held, in consequence of the victory at Zielime, to consider of future proceedings. In the same packet, his Majesty enclosed a collar and investiture of the order of St. Stanislaus, as an acknowledgment of service to the young Thaddeus; and a note from himself, expressing

pressing his commands, that he should return with the palatine, and the other generals, to receive thanks from the throne.

Thaddeus, half wild with delight, at the thoughts of so soon meeting his mother, ran to the tent of his British friend, to communicate the tidings. Somerset participated in his pleasure; and, with reciprocal warmth, accepted the invitation to go with him to Villanow.

"I would follow you, my friend," said he, pressing the hand of Thaddeus; who was eagerly describing the merits of the countess, and the beauties of his home; "all over the world."

"Then I will take you, to the most charming spot in it!" cried he, "Villanow is an Eden; and my mother, the dear angel, who would make a desert so to me."

"You speak so rapturously of your enchanted castle, Thaddeus," returned his friend, "that I do believe, I shall have to consider my knight-errantry, in being fool enough

enough to thrust myself amidst a fray, in which I had no business, as one of the wisest decisions of my life!"

"I consider it," replied Thaddeus, "as one of the luckiest events in mine."

Before the palatine quitted the camp, Somerset thought it proper to acquaint Mr. Loftus, who was yet at Petersburgh, of the particulars of his late danger; and that he was going to Warsaw with his new friends, where he should remain for several weeks. He added, that as the court of Poland, through the intercession of the palatine, had generously given him his liberty, he should be able to see every thing in that country worthy of investigation; and that he would write to him again, enclosing letters for England, soon after his arrival at the Polish capital.

The weather continuing fine, in a few days the party left Zielime; and the palatine and Somerset being so far restored from their wounds, that they could walk about, the one with a crutch, and the other,

other, by the support of his friend's arm; they went through the journey with animation and pleasure. The benign wisdom of Sobieski; the intelligent enthusiasm of Thaddeus; and the playful vivacity of Somerset; mingling their different natures, produced such a beautiful union, that the minutes flew even as fast as their wishes. A week more, carried them into the palatinate of Masovia; and soon afterwards, within the walls of Villanow.

Every thing that presented itself to Mr. Somerset was new and fascinating. He saw, in the domestic felicity of his friend, scenes which reminded him of the social harmony of his own home. He beheld, in the palace and retinue of Sobieski, all that magnificence, which bespoke the descendant of a great king, who even now, wanted nothing of royal grandeur, but the crown; which he had the magnanimity to think, and to declare, was then placed upon a more worthy brow. Whilst Somerset venerated this true patriot, the high

high tone which his mind acquired, was not lowered, by associating with characters, who came nearer to the common standard. The friends of Sobieski, were men of tried probity: Men, who at all times preferred their country's welfare, before their own peculiar interest. Mr. Somerset, day after day, listened with deep attention to these virtuous and energetic noblemen. He saw them full of fire and personal courage, when the affairs of Poland were discussed; and he beheld, with amazement and admiration, the imperfect forgetfulness of themselves, in their passion for the general good. In these moments, his heart bowed down before them; and all the pride of an ancient Briton distended his breast, when he thought, that such as these men are, his ancestors were. He remembered, how often their almost chivalric virtues, used to occupy his reflections, in the picture gallery at Somerset Castle; and his doubts, when he compared what is, with what

what was, that history had glossed over the actions of past centuries; or else, that a different order of men lived then, from those which now inhabit the world. Thus, studying the sublime characters of Sobieski and his friends; and enjoying the endearing kindnesses of Thaddeus and his mother, did a fortnight pass away, without his even recollecting the promise of writing to his governor. At the end of that period, he stole an hour from the countess's society; and enclosed, in a short letter to Mr. Loftus, the following epistle to his mother.

To Lady Somerset, Somerset-Castle, Leicestershire.

"Many weeks ago, my dearest mother, I wrote a letter of seven sheets from Petersburgh; which, long ere this time, you and my dear father must have received. I attempted to give you some idea of the manners of Russia, with the face of the country; and my vanity whispers, that I succeeded tolerably well. The court

court of the famous Catherine; and the attentions of the hospitable Count Branicki; were then the subjects of my pen.

"But, how shall I account for my being here? How shall I allay your surprise and displeasure, on seeing that this letter is dated from Warsaw! I know that I have acted against the wish of my father, in visiting one of those countries, which he interdicted. I know that I have disobeyed your commands, in ever having, at any period of my life, taken up arms without an indispensable necessity: but I have nothing to allege in my defence. I fell in the way of temptation, and I yielded to it. I really cannot enumerate all the things which induced me to volunteer with the Russians; suffice it to say, that I did so; and that we were defeated by the Poles at Zielime: and as Heaven has rather rewarded your prayers, than punished my imprudence, I trust you will do the same, and pardon an indiscretion that I will never repeat.

"Not-

"Notwithstanding all this, I must have lost my life through my folly, had I not been preserved, even in the moment when death was pending over me, by a young officer, with whose family I now am. The very sound of their title will create your respect; for *we* of the *Patrician order*, have a strange tenacity in our belief, that virtue is hereditary; and in this instance our creed is duly honoured. The title is Sobieski: the family which bears it, is the only remaining posterity of the great monarch of that name; and the count, who is at its head, is palatine of Masovia; which, next to the throne, is the first dignity in the state. He is one of the warmest champions of his country's rights; and though born to command, he has so far transgressed the golden adage of despots '*Ignorance and subjection*,' that throughout his territories, every man is taught to worship his God with his heart, as well as with his knees. The understandings of his peasants are opened to

all useful knowledge: he does not put books of science and speculation into their hands, to consume their time in vain idleness: He gives them the Bible; and implements of industry; to afford them the means of knowing, and of practising their duty. All Masovia, around his palace, blooms like a garden. The cheerful faces of the farmers; and the blessings which I hear them implore on the family, when I am walking in the fields with the young count, (for in this country, the sons bear the same title with their fathers;) have even drawn a few delighted drops from the eyes of your '*thoughtless son!*' I know that you think I have nothing sentimental about me; else you would not, so often, have poured into my *not inattentive ears*, 'that it is by the sensibilities of the heart, we are to estimate the pleasures of earth and heaven: shut our eyes against them, and we are merely nicely constructed speculums, which reflect the beauties of nature,

ture, but enjoy none.' You see, mamma, that I both remember and adopt your lessons.

"Thaddeus Sobieski, is the grandson of the palatine, and the last of his illustrious race. It is to him, that I owe the preservation of my life at Zielime; and much of my happiness since; for, he is not only the bravest, but the most amiable young man in the kingdom; and he is my friend. Indeed, as things have happened, you must think, that out of evil has come good. Though I have been disobedient, my fault has introduced me to the affection of people, whose friendship, henceforward, will constitute the greatest pleasure of my days. The mother of Thaddeus is the only daughter of the palatine; and of her, I can say no more, than that nothing on earth can more remind me of you; she is equally charming; equally tender to your son.

"Whilst the palatine is engaged at the diet, her ladyship, Thaddeus, and my-

self, with now and then a few visitors from Warsaw, form the most agreeable parties you can suppose. We walk together, we read together, we converse together, we sing together: at least, the countess sings to us; which is all the same: and you know, that time flies swiftly on the wings of harmony. She has an uncommonly sweet voice; and a taste, which I never heard paralleled. By the way, you cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the Polish music. It partakes of that delicious languor, so distinguished in the Turkish airs; with a mingling of those wandering melodies, which the now-forgotten composers must have caught from the Tartars. In short, whilst the countess is singing, I hardly suffer myself to breathe; and I feel, just what our poetical friend William Scarsdale, said a twelvemonth ago, at a concert of yours, 'I feel as if Love sat upon my heart, and flapped it with his wings.'

"I have tried all my powers of persuasion,

suasion, to prevail on this charming countess to visit our country. I have over and over again, told her of you, and described you to her; that you are near her own age; (for this lovely woman, though she has a son near twenty, is not more than forty;) that you are as fond of your *ordinary* boy, as she is of her *peerless* one; that in short, you and my father will receive her, and Thaddeus, and the palatine, with open arms and hearts, if they will condescend to visit our humble home, at the end of the war. I believe that I have repeated my entreaties, both to her ladyship and my friend, regularly every day, since my arrival at Villanow; but always with the same ill success: She smiles, and refuses: and Thaddeus '*shakes his ambrosial curls*' with a very '*godlike frown*' of denial; I hope, that it is *self denial*, in compliment to his mother's cruel and unprovoked negative.

"Before I proceed, I must give you some idea of the real appearance of this

palace. I recollect your having read a superficial account of it, in the few slight sketches of Poland, which have been published in England; but the pictures which they exhibit, are so faint, that they hardly resemble the original. Pray do not laugh at me, if I begin in the usual descriptive style! you know, that there is only one way to describe houses, and lands and rivers; so no blame can be thrown on me for taking the beaten path where there is no other. To commence—

"When we left Zielime, and advanced into the province of Masovia, the country around Prague rose at every step in fresh beauty. The numberless chains of gently-swelling hills, which encompass it on each side of the Vistula, were in some parts, chequered with corn fields, meadows, and green pastures, covered with sheep, whose soft bleatings trilled in my ears, and transported my senses into new regions; so different was my charmed and tranquillized mind, from those tossing

ing anxieties attendant on the horrors I had recently witnessed. Surely, there is nothing in the rational world, short of the most undivided reciprocal attachment, that has such power over the workings of the human heart, as the mild sweetness of nature. The most ruffled temper, when emerging from the town, will subside into a calm, at the sight of a wide stretch of landscape reposing in the twilight of a fine evening. It is then that the spirit of peace settles upon the heart, unfetters the thoughts, and elevates the soul to the Creator. It is then that we behold the parent of the universe in his works; when *we see* his grandeur, in earth, sea, and sky; *feel* his affection, in the emotions which they raise; and, half mortal, half etherealized, forget where we are, in the anticipation of what that world must be, of which this lovely earth is merely the shadow.

"Autumn seemed to be unfolding all her beauties, to greet the return of the

palatine. In one part, the haymakers were mowing the hay, and heaping it into stacks; in another, the reapers were gathering up the wheat, with a troop of rosy little gleaners behind them; each of whom might have tempted the proudest Palemon in Christendom, to have changed her toil into '*a gentler duty.*' Such a landscape, intermingled with the little farms of these honest people, whom the philanthropy of Sobieski has rendered free, (for it is a tract of his extensive domains that I am describing,) remind me of Somerset. Cottages are dispersed amongst the deep hollows of the vales; and are seen peeping from amidst the thick umbrage of the woods, which cover the face of the hills. Their irregular forms, and thatched roofs, with many of their infant inhabitants playing at the doors, composed such lovely groups, that I wished for our dear Mary's pencil and fingers, (for alas! that way mine are motionless!) to transport them to your eyes.

"The

"The palace of Villanow, which is castellated, and stands in the midst of a fortress, now burst upon my view. It rears its embattled head from the summit of a hill, that gradually slopes down towards the Vistula, and borders, to the south, the plain of Vola; a spot, so long famous for the election of the kings of Poland. On the north of the building, the earth is cut into natural ramparts, which rise in high succession, until they reach the foundations of the palace, where they terminate, in a noble terrace. These ramparts, covered with grass, overlook the stone-outworks, and spread down to the bottom of the hill, which being cloathed with fine trees, and luxuriant underwood, forms such a rich and verdant base to the fortress, as I have not language to describe; were I privileged to be poetical, I would say, that it reminds me of the god of war, sleeping amid roses in the bower of love. Here, the eye may wander over the gifts of bounteous nature,

arraying hill and dale in all the united treasures of spring and autumn. The forest stretches its yet unsunned arms to the breeze; whilst that breeze comes laden with the fragrance of the tented hay, and the thousand sweets breathed from those flowers, which in this delicious country, weep honey.

"A magnificent flight of steps led us from the foot of the ramparts, up to the gate of the palace. We entered it; and were presently surrounded by a train of attendants, in such sumptuous liveries, that I found myself all at once carried back into the fifteenth century; and might have fancied myself within the courtly halls of our Tudors and Plantagenets. You can better conceive, than I can paint, the scene which took place, between the palatine, the countess, and her son. I can only repeat, that from that hour I have known no want of happiness; but what arises from regret, that my dear family are not partakers with me.

"You

"You know, that this stupendous building was the favourite residence of John Sobieski; and that he erected it, as a resting place from the labours of his long and glorious reign. I cannot move, without meeting some vestige of that truly great monarch. I sleep in his bed-chamber: there hangs his portrait, dressed in the robes of sovereignty; here, are suspended the arms, with which he saved those kingdoms, which are now coalescing to the destruction of Poland. On one side, is his library; on the other, the little chapel, in which he used to pay his morning and evening devotions. Wherever I look, my eye finds some object, to excite my reflections and emulation. The noble dead seem to address me from their graves; and I blush at the inglorious life I might have pursued, had I never visited this house, and its inhabitants: yet, my dearest mother, I do not mean to reproach you; nor to insinuate, that my revered father, and brave ancestors, have

not set me examples as bright, as man need follow; but human nature is capricious: we are not so easily stimulated by what is always in our view; as with sights, which rising up, when we are removed from our customary associations, surprise and captivate our attention. Villanow has only awakened me to the lesson, which I conned over in drowsy carelessness at home. Thaddeus Sobieski is hardly one year my senior; but good heaven! what has he not done? What has he not acquired? Whilst I abused the indulgence of my parents, and wasted my days in riding, shooting, and walking the streets; he was learning to act, as became a man of rank and virtue; and by seizing every opportunity to serve the state, he has obtained a rich reward, in the respect and admiration of his country. I am not envious, but I now feel the truth of Cæsar's speech, when he declared, '*that the reputation of Alexander would not let him sleep.*' Nevertheless, I dearly love my

my friend; I murmur at my own demerits, not at his worth.

"I have scribbled out all my paper; otherwise, I verily believe, that I should write more; however, I promise you another letter, in a week or two. Meanwhile I shall send this packet to Mr. Loftus, who is at Petersburgh, to forward to you. Adieu, my dear mother; I am, with reverence to my father and yourself,

"Your truly affectionate son,

"PEMBROKE SOMERSET."

"*Villanow, August*, 1792."

"*To Lady Somerset, Somerset Castle, England.*

[Written three weeks after the preceding.]

"You know, my dear mother, that your Pembroke is famous for his ingenious mode of shewing the full value of every favour he confers: Can I then lose the opportunity of telling you, what I have left to make you happy with this epistle?

"About five minutes ago, I was sitting on the lawn, at the feet of the countess, reading

reading to her, and the princess Poniatowski, the charming poem of '*The Pleasures of Memory*;' as both these ladies understand English, they were admiring it, and paying many compliments to the *graces* of my delivery, when the palatine presented himself, and told me, that, if I had any commands for Petersburgh, I must prepare them, for a messenger was to set off on the next morning by day-break. I instantly sprang up, threw my book into the hand of Thaddeus; and here I am, in my own room, scribbling to you.

"Even at the moment in which I dip my pen in the ink, my hurrying imagination paints on my heart, the situation of my beloved home, when this letter reaches you. I think I see you, and my good aunt, seated on the blue sofa in your dressing-room, with your needle work on the little table before you; I see Mary in her usual nook, the recess by the old harpsichord; and my dear father, bringing in this happy letter from your son! I must

confess,

confess, that this romantic kind of fancy-sketching makes me feel rather oddly; very unlike what I felt a few months ago, when I was a mere coxcomb; indifferent, unreflecting, unappreciating, and fit for nothing better, than to hold pins at my lady's toilet. Well, it is now made evident to me, that we never know the blessings of existence, until we are separated from the possession of them. Absence tightens the string which unites friends, as well as lovers; at least, I find it so; and though I am in the fruition of every good on this side the ocean, yet my happiness renders me ungrateful; and I repine, because I enjoy it alone. Positively, I must bring you all hither to pass a summer; or come back at the termination of my travels, and carry away this dear family by main force to England.

"Tell my cousin Mary, that either way, I shall present to her esteem the most accomplished of human beings; but I warn her not to fall in love with him, neither in

propriâ

propriâ personâ, nor by his public fame, nor with his private character. Tell her, that '*he is a bright and particular star*,' neither in her sphere, nor in any other woman's. In this way, he is as cold as '*Dian's crescent*;' and to my great amazement too: for, when I throw my eyes over the many lovely young women, who at different times fill the drawing room of the countess, I cannot but wonder at the perfect indifference with which he views their (to me) irresistible attractions.

"He is polite and attentive to them all; he talks with them, smiles with them, and treats them with every active complacency; but they do not live one instant in his memory. I mean, they do not occupy his particular wishes; for with regard to every respectful sentiment towards the sex in general, and esteem to some amiable individuals, he is as lively, as in the other case he is dead. The fact is, he never casts one thought upon himself: kindness is spontaneous in his nature; his sunny eyes

eyes beam on all, with modest benignity; and his frank and glowing conversation, is directed to every rank of people, who imbibe it with an avidity and love, which makes its way to his heart without awakening his vanity. Thus, whilst his fine person, and splendid actions, fill every eye and bosom, I see him moving in the circle, unconscious of his eminence, and the interest which he excites.

"Drawn by such an example, to which his high quality, as well as extraordinary merit, gives so great an influence, many of the younger nobility have been led to enter the army. These circumstances, added to the detail of his bravery and uncommon talents in the field, have made him an object of universal regard; and, in consequence, wherever he is seen, he meets with applause and acclamation: nay, even at the appearance of his carriage in the streets, the passengers take off their hats, and pray for him till he is out of sight. It is only then, that I perceive his

cheek

cheek flush with the conviction that he is adored.

"It is this, Thaddeus;" said I to him one day, when walking together, we were obliged to retire into a house, from the crowds that followed him: "It is this, my dear friend, which shields your heart against the arrows of love. You have no place for that passion; your mistress is glory, and she courts you."

"My mistress is my country," replied he; "at present, I desire no other. For her, I would die; for her only, I would wish to live." Whilst he spoke, the energy of his soul blazed in his eyes; I smiled.

"You are an enthusiast, Thaddeus."

"Pembroke!" returned he, in a surprised and reproachful tone.

"I do not give you that name, opprobriously:" resumed I laughing; "but there are many in my country, who, hearing these sentiments, would not scruple to call you mad."

"Then I pity them," returned Thaddeus.

deus. "Men who cannot ardently feel, cannot taste supreme happiness. My grandfather educated me at the feet of patriotism; and when I forget his precepts and example, may my guardian angel forget me!"

"Happy, glorious, Thaddeus!" cried I grasping his hand, "how I envy you your destiny!—To live as you do, in the lap of honour; virtue and glory, the aim and end of your existence!"

"The animated countenance of my friend changed at these words, and laying his hand on my arm, he said, "Do not envy me my destiny. Pembroke, you are the citizen of a free country, at peace with itself. Insatiate power has not dared to invade its rights. Your king, in happy security, reigns in the hearts of his people; whilst our anointed Stanislaus, is baited and insulted, by oppression from without, and ingratitude within. Do not envy me! I would rather live in obscurity all my days, than have the means which calamity has

has bestowed, of acquiring celebrity over the ruins of Poland. O! my friend, the wreath that crowns the head of conquest, is thick and bright; but that which binds the olive of peace, on the bleeding wounds of my country, will be the dearest to me."

"Such sentiments, my dear madam, have opened new lights upon my poor mistaken faculties. I did not consider the subject so maturely as my friend has done; victory and glory were with me synonimous words: I had not learnt, until frequent conversations with the young, ardent and pious Sobieski taught me, how to discriminate between ferocity and valour; between the patriot and the assassin; between the defender of his country, and the ravager of other states. In short, I see in Thaddeus Sobieski, all that my fancy hath ever pictured of the heroic character. Whilst I contemplate the sublimity of his sentiments, and the tenderness of his soul, I cannot help thinking, how few would believe, that so many amaz-

amazing qualities could belong to one mind; and, that it should remain unacquainted with the throes of ambition, or the throbs of vanity."

Pembroke judged rightly of his friend; for if ever the real disinterested *amor patriæ*, glowed in the breast of a man, it animated the heart of the young Sobieski. Pembroke laid down his pen, at the termination of the foregoing sentence in the letter to his mother, on the entrance of a servant, who presented him with a packet, which had that moment arrived from Petersburgh. He took it, and laying his writing materials into the desk, read the following epistle from his governor.

"*To Pembroke Somerset, Esq.*

"My dear sir,

"I have this day received your letter, enclosing one for lady Somerset. You must pardon me, that I have detained it; and will continue to do so, until I am favoured

voured with your answer to this; for which I shall most anxiously wait.

" You know, Mr. Somerset, my reputation in the sciences; you know my depth in the languages; and besides, the marquis of Inverary, with whom I travelled all over the continent, offered you sufficient credentials respecting my knowledge of the world, and the honourable manner in which I treat my pupils. Sir Robert Somerset, and your lady mother, were amply satisfied with the account, which his lordship gave of my character; but with all this, in one point every man is vulnerable. No scholar can forget those lines of the poet,

Felices ter, et amplius;
Quos irrupta tenet capula; nec malis
Divulsus quærimoniis,
Supremâ citiùs solvet amor die.

It has been my misfortune that I have felt them.

" You are not ignorant, that I was known

known to the Branicki family, when I had the honour of conducting the marquis through Russia. The count's accomplished kinswoman, the amiable and learned widow of baron Surowkoff, even then took particular notice of me; and when I returned with you to Petersburgh, I did not find that my short absence had obliterated me from her memory.

"You are well acquainted with the dignity of that lady's opinions, on political subjects: She, and I, coincided in ardour for the cause of insulted Russia; and in hatred of that levelling power, which pervades all Europe. Many have been the long and interesting conversations we have held, on the prosecution of those schemes, which her late husband had so principal a hand in laying, for the subversion of that miserable kingdom, in which you now are.

"The baroness, I need not observe, is as handsome as she is ingenious; her understanding is as masculine, as her person

is

is desirable; and I had been more, or less than man, if I had not understood, that my figure and talents were agreeable to her. I cannot say that she absolutely promised me her hand, but she went as far that way as delicacy would permit. I am thus circumstantial, Mr. Somerset, to shew you that I do not proceed without proof. She has repeatedly said in my presence, that she would never marry any man, unless he were not only well-looking, but of the profoundest erudition; united with an acquaintance with men and manners, which none could dispute. "Besides," added she, "he must not differ with me one tittle, in politics; for on that head, I hold myself second to no man or woman in Europe." And then she has complimented me, by declaring, that I possessed more judicious sentiments on government, than any man in Petersburgh; and that she should consider herself happy, on the first vacancy, to introduce me at court; where she was sure that

that the empress would at once discover the value of my talents: "but," she continued, "in such a case, I will not allow, that even her majesty shall rival me in your esteem." The modesty natural to my character, told me, that these praises must have some other source, than my comparatively unequal abilities; and I unequivocally found it, in the partiality with which her ladyship condescended to regard me.

"Was I to blame, Mr. Somerset? Would not any man of sensibility and honour have comprehended such advances from a woman of her rank and reputation? I could not be mistaken; her looks and words needed no explanation, which my judgment could not pronounce. Though I am aware, that I do not possess that *lumen purpureum juventæ*, which attracts very young, uneducated women, yet I am not fifty; and from the baroness's singular behaviour, I had every reason to expect handsomer treatment than she has

been pleased to dispense to me since my return.

"But to proceed regularly; (I must beg your pardon for the warmth which has carried me to this digression) you know, sir, that from the hour in which I had the honour of taking leave of your noble family in England, I strove to impress upon your rather volatile mind, a just and accurate conception of the people amongst whom I was to conduct you. When I brought you into this extensive empire, I left no means unexerted, to heighten your respect, not only for its amiable sovereign, but for all regal powers. It is the characteristic of genius to be zealous: I was so, in favour of the pretensions of the great Catharine, to that paltry country, to which she deigned to offer her protection. To this zeal, and my unfortunate, though honourable devotion to the wishes of the baroness, I am constrained to date my present dilemma.

"When Poland had the insolence to rebel

rebel against its illustrious mistress, you remember, that every man of rank in Petersburgh was highly incensed. The baroness Surowkoff declared herself frequently and with vehemence; she appealed to me; my veracity and my principles were called forth, and I confessed, that I thought every friend to the Czarina ought to take up arms against that ungrateful people. The count Branicki was then appointed to command the Russian forces; and her ladyship, very unexpectedly on my part, answered me, by approving what I said; and saying, that of course I meant to follow her cousin into Poland; for that even she, as a woman, was so earnest in the cause, she would accompany him to the frontiers, and there await the result.

"What could I do? How could I withstand the expectations of a lady of her quality, and one who I believed, loved me? However, for some time I did oppose my wish to oblige her; I urged my cloth;

and the plea by which I should be able to account for such a line of conduct, to the father of my pupil? The baroness ridiculed all these arguments, as mere excuses; and ended with saying, "Do as you please, Mr. Loftus. I have been deceived in your character; the friend of the baroness Surowkoff must be consistent: he must be as willing to fight for the cause he espouses as to speak for it; in this case, the sword must follow the oration, else we shall see Poland in the hands of a rabble."

"This decided me. I offered my services to the count, to attend him to the field. He, and the young lords, persuaded you to do the same; and as I could not think of leaving you, when your father had placed you under my charge, I was pleased to find that my approval confirmed your wish to turn soldier. I was then unacquainted, Mr. Somerset, (for you did not tell me of it, until we were far advanced into Poland;) with Sir Robert's

bert's and my lady's dislike of the army. This has been a prime source of my error; and had I known their repugnance to your taking up arms, I do believe that my duty would have triumphed over, even my devotion to the baroness: but I was born under a melancholy horoscope; nothing happens, as any one of my humblest wishes might warrant.

"At the first onset of the battle, I became so suddenly ill, that I was obliged to retire, or swoon upon the ground; and on this unfortunate event, which was completely unwilled on my part, (for no man can command the periods of sickness) the baroness founds a contempt, which has disconcerted all my schemes. Besides, when I attempted to remonstrate with her ladyship, on the promise, which, if not directly given, was implied, she laughed at me; and when I persisted in my suit; all at once, like the rest of her ungrateful, undistinguishing sex, she burst into a tempest of invectives, and forbade me her house.

"What am I now to do, Mr. Somerset? This inconsistent woman has betrayed me into a conduct diametrically opposite to the commands of your family. Your father particularly desired, that I would not suffer you to go either into Hungary or Poland. In the last instance, I have permitted you to disobey him. And my Lady Somerset, (who lost both her father and brother in different engagements,) you tell me, hath declared, that she never would pardon the man who should put military ideas into your head.

"Therefore, sir, though you are my pupil, I throw myself on your generosity. If you persist in acquainting your family with the late transactions at Zielinne, and your present residence in Poland, I shall finally be ruined. I shall, not only forfeit the good opinion of your father and mother, but, through their means, lose all prospect of the rich living of Somerset; which Sir Robert was so gracious as to promise, should be mine, on the demise of

of the present incumbent. You know, Mr. Somerset, that I have a mother and six sisters in Wales, whose support entirely depends on my success in life; if my preferment be stopped now, they must necessarily be involved in a distress which makes me shudder.

"I cannot add more, sir; I know your generosity; and I therefore rest upon it. I shall detain the letter, which you did me the honour to inclose for my lady Somerset, till I receive your decision; and ever, whilst I live, will I henceforth, remain firm to my old and favourite maxim, which I adopted from the glorious epistle of Horace to Numicius. Perhaps you may not recollect the lines? They run thus:

Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

"I have the honour to be,
Dear sir,
Your most obedient servant,
ANDREW LOFTUS."

"*Petersburgh, September*, 1792.

"P. S. Just as I was sealing this packet, the English ambassador forwarded to me a short letter from your father, in which he desires us to quit Russia; and to make the best of our way to England, where you are wanted on a most urgent occasion. He explains himself no farther; only repeating his orders in express commands, that we set off instantly. I wait your directions."

This epistle disconcerted Mr. Somerset. He always guessed, that the baroness Surowkoff was amusing herself with his vain and pedantic preceptor; but he never entertained a suspicion that her ladyship would carry her pleasantry to so cruel an excess. He clearly saw, that the fears of Mr. Loftus, with regard to the displeasure of his parents, were far from groundless; and therefore, as there was a probability, from the age of Dr. Manners, who was upwards of eighty, and afflicted with the dropsy, that the rectory of Somerset would soon become vacant; he thought it

it better to oblige his poor governor, and preserve the secret for a month or two, than to give him up to the chance of Sir Robert's indignation; which, (he had reason to believe, from the resolution with which he carried through all his determinations,) would not much favour the side of lenity. On these grounds, Pembroke resolved to write to Mr. Loftus, and ease the anxiety of his heart. Although he ridiculed his vanity, he could not help respecting the affectionate solicitude of a son and a brother; and, as that plea had won him; half angry half grieved, and half laughing, he scribbled these hasty lines; which he immediately dispatched by the courier.

"*To the Reverend Andrew Loftus, Petersburgh.*

"Upon my soul, sir, it is too bad! I am to burn my letters, and go home! what can be the matter? what whimsical fit has seized my father, that I am recalled at

at a moment's notice? Faith, I am so mad at the summons; and at his not chusing to assign any reason for the order,—that, I do not know how I may be tempted to act.

"Another thing! you beg of me not to say a word of my having been in Poland; and for that purpose, you have withheld the letter which I sent to you, to forward to my mother! You offer far-fetched, and precious excuses, for having betrayed your own wisdom, and your pupil's innocence, into so mortal an offence. One cause of my being here you say was your '*ardour in the cause of insulted Russia; and your hatred of that levelling power which pervades all Europe.*'

"Well, I grant it. I understood from you and Branicki, that you were leading me against a set of violent, discontented men of rank, who, in proportion as they were inflated with personal pride and insolence, despised their own order; and under

under the name of freedom, were introducing anarchy throughout a country, which Catharine would graciously have protected. All this I find is false. But you both, may have been misled; the count, by partiality; and you by misrepresentation: therefore I do not perceive why you should be in such a terror. The wisest man in the world may see through bad lights; and, why should it be thought, that my father would never pardon you for having been so unlucky?

"Yet, to dispel your dread of such tidings ruining you with Sir Robert, I will not be the first to tell him of our quixoting. Only remember, my good sir!—though to oblige you, I withhold all my letters to my mother; and when I arrive in England, shall lock up my lips from mentioning Poland; yet positively, I will not be mute one day longer than that, in which my father presents you with the living of Somerset: then, you will be in-

dependent of his displeasure; and I may, and will, declare my everlasting gratitude to this illustrious family.

"Heigho! I am half crazy when I think of leaving them. I must tear myself from this heaven on earth! The days have passed with me as minutes. Alas, alas! that I quit this mansion of comfort and affection, to wander with you, in some rumbling old coach, '*over brake and through briar!*' Well, patience, patience! Another such drubbing given to my quondam friends the Russians, and with '*victory perched like an eagle on their laurelled brows,*" I may have some chance of wooing the Sobieskis to the banks of Thames. At present, I have not sufficient hope, to keep me in good humour.

"Meet me this day week at Dantzic: I shall there embark for England. You had best not bring any of the servants with you; they might blab; discharge them at Petersburgh, and hire others for your-

yourself and me when you arrive at the sea-port.

"I have the honour to remain,
Dear sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
PEMBROKE SOMERSET."

"*Villanow, September*, 1792."

When Somerset joined his friends at supper, and imparted to them the commands of his father, an immediate change was produced in the spirits of the party. During the lamentations of the ladies and the murmurs of the young men, the countess tried to dispel the effects of the information, by addressing Pembroke with a smile, and saying, "But we hope that you have seen enough at Villanow, to tempt you back again at no very distant period? Tell lady Somerset, that you have left a second mother in Poland, who will long to receive another visit from her adopted son."

"Yes, my dear madam," returned he, "and

"and I shall hope, before a very distant period, to see those two kind mothers, united as intimately by friendship, as they now are in my heart."

Thaddeus listened to all this with a saddened countenance. He had not been accustomed to disappointment, and when he met it now, he hardly knew how to proportion his uneasiness to the privation. Hope and all the hilarities of youth flourished in his soul; his features continually glowed with animation, whilst the gay beaming of his eyes, ever answered to the smile on his lips. Hence the slightest veering of his mind was perceptible to the countess, who turning round, saw him leaning thoughtfully in his chair; whilst Pembroke, with encreased force and vehemence, was running through various invectives against the hastiness of his recall.

"Come, come, Thaddeus!" cried she, "let us think no more of this separation until it arrives. You know that anticipation of evil is the death of happiness; and it

it will be a kind of suicide, should we destroy the hours which we may yet enjoy together, in vain complainings that they are so soon to terminate."

A little exhortation from the countess; and a maternal kiss, which she imprinted on his cheek, restored him to cheerfulness; and the evening past away, pleasanter than it had portended.

Much as the palatine esteemed Pembroke Somerset, his mind was too deeply absorbed in the losses of his country, to attend to less considerable cares. He beheld the republic, even on the verge of destruction, awaiting with firmness and indignation, the approach of that earthquake, which was to ingulph it in the neighbouring nations. He saw the storm lowering; but he determined, whilst there remained, one spot of vantage ground above the general wreck, that Poland should yet have a name and a defender. These thoughts possessed him; these plans

plans engaged him; and he had not leisure to regret pleasure, when he was struggling for existence.

The empress continued to pour her armies into the heart of the kingdom. The king of Prussia boldly flying from his treaties, refused his succour; and the emperor of Germany, following the example of so great a prince, did not blush to shew that his word was equally contemptible.

Dispatches daily arrived, that the villages were laid waste; that neither age, sex, nor situation, prevented their unfortunate inhabitants from becoming the victims of cruelty; and that all the frontier provinces were in flames.

The Diet was called; and the debates agitated with the anxiety of men, who were met, to decide on their dearest interests. The bosom of the benevolent Stanislaus, bled at the dreadful picture of his people's sufferings; and hardly able to restrain his tears, he answered the animated exordiums of Sobieski for resistance

ance to the last, with an appeal immediately to his heart.

"What is it that you urge me to do, my lord?" said he, "Was it not to secure the happiness of my subjects, that I laboured? and finding my design impracticable, what advantage would it be to them, should I pertinaciously oppose their small numbers, to the accumulated hordes of the north? What is my kingdom, but the comfort of my people? What will it avail me, to see them fall around me, man by man; and the few who remain, hanging in speechless sorrow over their graves? Such a sight would break my heart. Poland without its people, would be a desart; and I a hermit rather than a king."

In vain the palatine combated this argument, and the quiet which a peace would afford, by declaring, that it could only be temporary. In vain he told his majesty, that he would purchase safety for the present race, at the vast expence, of not only the

the liberty of posterity, but of its probity and happiness.

"However you disguise slavery," cried he, "it is slavery still. Its chains, though wreathed with roses, not only fasten on the body but rivet on the mind. They bend it from the loftiest virtue, to a debasement beneath calculation. They disgrace honour; they trample upon justice. They transform the legions of Rome into a band of singers. They prostrate the sons of Athens and of Sparta at the feet of cowards. They make man abjure his birth-right, bind himself to another's will, and give that into a tyrant's hands, which he received as a deposit from heaven—his reason, his conscience, and his soul. Think on this, and then, if you can, subjugate Poland to her enemies."

Stanislaus, weakened by years, and impelled by disappointment, now retained no higher wish, than to save his subjects from immediate outrage. He did not answer the palatine; but with streaming eyes, bent

bent over the table, and annulled the glorious constitution of 179-. Then with emotions hardly short of agony, he signed an order presented by the Russian officer, which directed prince Poniatowski, to deliver the army under his command, into the hands of general Branicki.

As the king put his signature to these papers, Sobieski, who had so strenuously withstood each decision, started from his chair, bowed to his sovereign, and in silence left the apartment. Several noblemen followed him.

These pacific measures did not meet with better treatment from without. When they were noised abroad, an alarming commotion arose amongst the inhabitants of Warsaw; and nearly four thousand men, of the first families in the republic, assembled themselves in the park of Villanow, where they immediately resolved, that if necessary, they alone, would resist the power of their combined ravagers to the utmost. The prince Sapieha, Kosciuszko,

uszko, and Sobieski, were the first who took the oath of *eternal fidelity to Poland;* and they administered it to Thaddeus, who kneeling down, called on Heaven to hear him, as he swore, to assert the freedom of his country to the last gasp of its existence.

In the midst of these momentous affairs, Pembroke Somerset bade adieu to his friends; and set sail with his governor, from Dantzic, for England.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

THOSE winter months, which before this year, had been at Villanow the season for cheerfulness and festivity, now rolled away in the sad pomp of national debates and military assemblies.

Prussia usurped the best part of Pomerelia, and garrisoned it with troops; Catharine declared her dominion over the vast tract of land, which lies between the Dwina and Borystenes: and Frederic William marked down another sweep of Poland, to follow the fate of Dantzic and Thorn.

Calamities, insults, and robberies, were heaped, day after day, on the defenceless Poles. The deputies of the provinces were pût into prison; and the Russian ambassador had the insolence, even to interrupt

terrupt provisions intended for the king's table, and appropriate them to his own. Sobieski complained to *his Excellency* of this outrage; but incensed at reproof, and irritated at the sway which the palatine still held at court, he ordered, that his extensive estates in Lithuania and Podolia should be sequestered, and divided between four of the Russian generals.

In vain the Villanow confederation endeavoured to remonstrate with the empress. Her ambassador, not only refused to forward the dispatches, but threatened the nobles, that, "if they did not comply with every one of his demands, he would lay all the estates, possessions, and habitations, of the members of the Diet under an immediate military execution. Nay, punishment should not stop there; for if the king joined the Sobieski party, (to which he now appeared so much inclined) the royal domains should not only meet the same fate, but harsher treatment should follow, until both the people, and

their

their proud sovereign, were brought into subjection."

These menaces were too arrogant, to have any other effect upon the Poles, than that of giving a new spur to their resolution. With the same firmness, they repulsed similar fulminations from the Prussian ambassador; and with a coolness, which was only equalled by their intrepidity, they prepared to resume their arms.

The insolent Russian, hearing, by private information, that his threats were despised, next morning, before day-break, surrounded the building where the confederation were sitting, with two battalions of grenadiers and four pieces of cannon: he then issued orders, that no Pole should be permitted to pass the gates, on pain of death. General Rautenfeld, who was set over the person of the king, declared, that not even his majesty should stir, until the Diet had given an unanimous and full consent to the empress's commands.

The Diet set forth the unlawfulness of sign-

signing any treaty, whilst they were withheld from the freedom of will and debate, by the presence of an intimidating force. They urged, that it was not legal to enter into deliberation, when violence had recently been exerted against any individual of their body; and how could they do it now, deprived as they were of five of their principal members, whom the ambassador well knew he had arrested in their way to the senate? Sobieski and four of his friends, being the members most inimical to the wishes of Russia, were these five. In vain their liberation was required: Rautenfeld, enraged at the pertinacity of this opposition, repeated his former threatenings, with the addition of more; and declared, that they should certainly take place, if the Diet did not directly and unconditionally, sign the pretensions both of his court, and that of Prussia.

After a hard contention of many hours, at last the members agreed amongst themselves, to make a solemn public protest against

against the present tyrannous measures of the Russian ambassador; and, seeing that any attempt to inspire him, even with decency was useless, they determined to cease all debate, and keep a profound silence, when the marshal should propose the project in demand.

This sorrowful silence was commenced in resentment, and retained through despair; this sorrowful silence was called, by their usurpers, a consent; this sorrowful silence is held up to the world, and to posterity, as a free cession of the Poles, of all those rights, which they had received from nature, and defended with their blood.

The morning after this dreadful day, the senate met at one of the private palaces; and indignant, and broken-hearted, they delivered the following declaration to the people:

"The diet of Poland, hemmed in by foreign troops; menaced with an invasion, which would be attended by universal

ruin; and finally, insulted by a thousand outrages; have been forced to witness the signing of a treaty with Prussia.

"They strenuously endeavoured to add to that treaty, some conditions, to which they supposed the lamentable state of this country, would have extorted an acquiescence, even from the heart of power: but the diet were deceived; they found, that power was unaccompanied by humanity: they found that Prussia, having thrown his victim to the ground, would not refrain from exulting in the barbarous triumph of trampling upon her neck.

"The diet rely on the justice of Poland; rely on her belief, that they would not betray the citadel, which she confided to their keeping: her preservation is dearer to them than their lives; but fate seems to be on the side of their destroyer. Fresh insults have been heaped upon their heads, and new hardships have been imposed upon them. To prevent all deliberations on this debasing treaty, they are not only surrounded

surrounded by foreign troops, and dared with hostile messages, but they have been violated by the arrest of their prime members; whilst those who are still suffered to possess a personal freedom, have the most galling shackles laid upon their minds.

"Therefore, I, the king of Poland, enervated by age, and sinking under the accumulated weight of afflictions;—and also, we, the members of the diet,—declare, that being unable, even by the sacrifice of our lives, to relieve our country from the yoke of its oppressors, we consign it to posterity.

"In another age, means may be found, to rescue it from chains and misery; but such means are not in our power. Other countries neglect us: whilst they reprobate the violations, which a neighbouring nation is alleged to have committed against rational liberty, they behold, not only with apathy, but with approbation, the ravages which are now desolating Poland. Posterity must avenge it; we have done.

We accede, for the reasons above mentioned, to the treaty laid before us; though we declare, that it is contrary to our wishes, to our sentiments, and to our rights."

Thus, in November, 1793,---compressed to one fourth of her dimensions, within the lines of demarcation drawn by her enemies,---Poland was stripped of her rank in Europe: the lands of her nobles given to strangers; and her citizens left to perish in chains. Ill-fated nation! Posterity will weep over thy wrongs; whilst the burning blush of shame, that their fathers witnessed such wrongs unmoved, shall cause the tears to blister as they fall.

During these transactions, the countess Sobieski continued in solitude at Villanow, awaiting with awful anxiety the termination of those portentous events, which so deeply involved her own comforts with those of her country. Her father was in prison, her son at a distance with the army. Sick at heart, she saw the opening of

of that spring, which might be the commencement only, of a new season of injuries: and her fears were prophetic.

Those soldiers who had dared to retain their arms in their hands, were again ordered by the Russian ambassador to lay them down. Some few, thinking denial vain, obeyed; but those of bolder spirits, followed Thaddeus Sobieski into South Prussia: whither he had directed his steps on the arrest of his grandfather; and where he had gathered, and kept together, a handful of brave men still faithful to their liberties. Indeed his name alone, collected numbers around him, in every district through which he marched. Persecution from their adversary, as well as admiration of Thaddeus, gave a resistless power to his appearance, look, and voice; all which had such an effect on this afflicted people, that they crowded to his standard by hundreds: whilst their lords, having caught a similar fire, from the blazing ardour of the young count, com-

mitted themselves, without reserve to his sole judgment and command. The empress, hearing of this, ordered Stanislaus to command him directly to disband his troops: but the king refusing, she augmented the strength of her own forces; and, enraged at such stubborn resistance, renewed the war with redoubled horrors.

The palatine remained in confinement, hopeless of obtaining release without the aid of stratagem. The emissaries of Catharine, were too well aware of their interest, to give freedom to so active an opponent. They loaded him with irons, and insult; but in spite of their arts, this patriotic victim to vindictive tyranny, received every consolation which can soothe a brave man, (his own arms being tied from serving his country,) in the information, which the blind malice of his jailors hourly brought to him. They told him, "that his grandson continued to carry himself with such insolent opposition in the south, that it would be well, if

if the empress, at the termination of the war, allowed him to escape with his life." Every reproach which was levelled at the palatine, he found had been bought by some new conquest of Thaddeus; and instead of permitting their malignity to take the effect, of intimidating his age, and alarming his affection, he told the Russian officer, (whose daily office it was to attend, and to torment him,) that—if his grandson were to lose his head for fidelity to Poland, he should be almost as glad to see him mounting the scaffold, as entering the streets of Warsaw, with Russia at his chariot wheels. "The only difference would be," continued Sobieski, "that as the first cannot happen until all virtue be dead in this land, I should regard his last gasp as the expiring sigh of that virtue, which, by him, had found a triumph; even under the axe. And for the second,---it would be joy unutterable, to behold the victory of justice over rapine and murder! But, either way, Thaddeus

Sobieski is still the same; ready to die, or ready to live, for his country---and equally worthy of the eternal halo, with which posterity will encircle his name."

Indeed the accounts which arrived from this young soldier, who had formed a junction with General Kosciuszko, were in the highest degree formidable to the coalesced powers. Having gained a considerable advantage over the Prussians in several places, his troops were advancing towards Inowlotz, when a large and fresh body of the enemy appeared unexpectedly in their rear. The men on the opposite bank of the river, (whom the Poles were driving before them,) at sight of this reinforcement, suddenly rallied; and with an intention to retard the approach of their pursuers; and to ensure their probable defeat from the army in view; they broke down the wooden bridge, which might have brought them over. The Poles were for some time at a stand. Kosciuszko proposed swimming across the river;

river; but, owing to the recent heavy rains, it was so swoln and rapid, that the young men, to whom he mentioned the project, terrified by the blackness and dashing of the water, drew back. The general perceiving their panic, called Thaddeus to him, and both plunged into the stream. Ashamed of their hesitation, the others now tried who could first follow this example; and after hard buffeting with the waves, the whole army gained the opposite shore. The Prussians who were in the rear, incapable of the like intrepidity, halted; and those in the van, intimidated at the daring courage of their adversaries, concealed themselves amidst the thickets of an adjoining valley.

The two friends proceeded towards Cracow, carrying redress and protection to the provinces through which they marched. But they hardly had rested two days in that city before dispatches were received, that Warsaw was lying at the mercy of General Branicki. No time could be lost;

officers and men had set their lives on the cause; and they re-commenced their toils, with a perseverance, which brought them before the capital on the sixteenth of April.

Things were in a worse state than even was expected. The Russian ambassador, with his usual arrogance, had demanded the surrender of the national arsenal; and subscribed his orders with a threat, that whoever of the nobles presumed to dispute his authority, should be arrested and put to death; and, if the people should dare to murmur, he would immediately command general Branicki to lay the city in ashes.

The king remonstrated against such oppression; and to "*punish his presumption*," this proper representative of the Imperial Catharine, ordered that his majesty's garrison and guards should be instantly broken and dispersed. At the first attempt to execute this mandate, the people flew in crowds to the palace; and fall-

ings

ing on their knees, implored Stanislaus for permission to avenge the insult offered to his troops. His majesty looked at them with pity, gratitude, and anguish; for some time, his emotions were too strong to allow him to speak: at last, in a voice of agony, which was wrung from his tortured heart, he answered, "Go, and defend your honour!"

The army of Kosciuszko marched into the town at this critical moment: they joined the armed citizens: and that day, after a dreadful conflict, in which the streets were strewed with the killed, Warsaw was rescued from the immediate grasp of Russia. During the fight, the king, who was alone in one of the rooms of his palace, sunk almost fainting on the floor; he heard the mingling clash of arms, the roar of musquetry, and the cries and groans of the combatants; ruin seemed no longer to hover over his kingdom, but to have pounced at once upon her prey. At every renewed shot, which

followed each pause in the firing, he expected the next moment to see his palace gates burst open, and himself, then indeed, made a willing sacrifice to the fury of his enemies.

Whilst he was yet upon his knees, petitioning the God of battles, for a little longer respite from that calamity, which was to overwhelm devoted Poland.—Thaddeus Sobieski, panting with heat and toil, flew into the room; and, before he could speak a word, was clasped in the arms of the agitated Stanislaus.

"Are my people safe?" asked the king.

"Yes, my liege;" returned Thaddeus, "and victorious. The foreign guards are beaten from the palace;—your own have resumed their station at the gates."

At this assurance, tears of joy ran over the venerable cheeks of his majesty; and again embracing his young deliverer, he said, "I thank Heaven, that my unhappy country is not totally bereft of hope. Whilst Kosciuszko and a Sobieski live, she will not quite despair.

CHAP. VI.

THADDEUS was not less eager to release his grandfather, than he had been to relieve the anxiety of his sovereign. He hastened at the head of a few troops, to the prison of Sobieski, and gave him liberty, amidst the acclamations of his soldiers.

The universal joy at these prosperous events, did not last many days: it was speedily terminated, by the information, that Cracow had surrendered to a Prussian force; that the king of Prussia was advancing towards the capital; and that the Russians, more implacable, in consequence of the late treatment, which their garrison received at Warsaw, were pouring into the country like a deluge.

At this intelligence, the consternation became dreadful. The Polenese army, worn

with fatigue and long services, and without cloathing, or ammunition, were not in any way, excepting courage, fitted for the field.

The treasury was exhausted; and means of raising a supply, seemed impracticable: The provinces were laid waste, and the city had already been drained of its last ducat. In this exigency, though hopeless of devising any expedient for even temporary succour, a council met in his majesty's private cabinet, to consult about obtaining resources. The debate was as desponding as their situation, until Thaddeus Sobieski, who had hitherto been a silent observer, rose from his seat. Whilst the blushes of awe and eagerness crimsoned his cheek, he advanced towards Stanislaus; and taking from his neck, and other parts of his dress, those magnificent jewels, which it was customary to wear in the presence of the king, he knelt down, and laying them at the feet of his majesty, said, in a suppressed voice, "These are

trifles;

trifles; but such as they are, and all of the like kind which I possess, I beseech your majesty to appropriate to the public service."

"Noble young man!" cried the king, raising him from the ground; "you have indeed taught me a lesson: I accept these jewels with gratitude. Here," said he, turning to the treasurer, "put them into the national fund; and let them be followed by my own, with my plate, which I desire may be instantly sent to the mint. One half of it the army shall have; the other, we must expend in giving some little support to the surviving families of the brave men who have fallen in our defence." The palatine readily united with his grandson, in the surrender of all their personal property, for the benefit of their country: and according to their example, the treasury was soon filled with gratuities from the nobles; which enabled the army to march out, newly equipped, and in high spirits.

The

The countess, a third time, had to bid adieu to a son, who was now become, as much the idol of her reason, as before he had been the object of her love. In proportion as glory surrounded him, and danger courted his steps, the strings of affection drew him closer to her soul: the "*aspiring blood*" of the Sobieskis, which beat in her veins, could not drown the feelings of a parent; could not cause her to forget, that the spring of her existence, now flowed from that fountain, which had taken its source from her. Her anxious, and waiting heart, paid dearly in tears and sleepless nights, for the honour with which she was saluted at every turning, as the mother of Thaddeus: that Thaddeus, who was not more the soul of council, and the sinew of war, than he was to her, the gentlest, the dearest, the most amiable of sons. It matters not to the undistinguishing bolt of carnage, whether it strike common breasts, or those rare hearts, whose lives are usually as brief

brief as they are dazzling; this leaden messenger of death, banquets as greedily on the bosom of a hero, as if it had lit upon more vulgar prey: all is levelled to the chance of war; which comes like a whirlwind of the desert, scattering men and beast in one wide ruin.

Such thoughts as these, possessed the melancholy reveries of the countess Sobieski, from the hour in which she saw Thaddeus and his grandfather depart for Cracow, until she heard that it was retaken, and that the enemy were defeated in many battles.

Warsaw was again bombarded; and again Kosciuszko, with the palatine, and Thaddeus, preserved it from destruction. In short, wherever they moved, this dauntless little army, carried terror to their adversaries; and diffused hope, amongst the homes and hearts of their countrymen.

They next turned their course to the relief of Lithuania; but whilst they were on

on their route thither, they received intelligence, that a detachment from their body, having been beaten by the Russians under Suwarrow, that general, elated with success, was hastening forwards, to re-attack the capital.

Kosciuszko resolved to prevent him; and prepared to give immediate battle to Ferfen, another commander, who was on his march to form a junction with the victorious Russian. To this effect, Kosciuszko divided his forces: Half of them, under the command of prince Poniatowski, were to pursue Suwarrow, and keep a watchful eye over his motions; whilst Kosciuszko himself, with the remainder, to the number of six thousand men, accompanied by the two Sobieskis, would proceed towards Brzesc.

It was the tenth of October. The weather being fine, a cloudless sun diffused life and brilliancy through the pure air of a keen morning. The vast green plain before them, glittered with the troops of general

general Ferfen, who had already arranged them in order of battle.

The word was given. Thaddeus, as he drew his sabre from its scabbard, raised his eyes, to implore the justice of Heaven on that day's events. The attack was made. The Poles kept their station on the heights. Twice the Russians rushed on them like wolves, and twice they repulsed them by their steadiness. Conquest declared for Poland. Thaddeus was seen in every part of the field. But reinforcements poured in to the support of Ferfen, and war raged in new horrors. Still the courage of the Poles was unabated. Sobieski, fighting at the head of the infantry, would not recede one foot; and Kosciuszko, exhorting his men to be resolute, appeared in the hottest places of the battle.

At one of these portentous moments, Thaddeus perceived the commander-in-chief struggling with his charger, which had been shot under him: he galloped to his

his assistance, and giving him his own, mounted another, which was offered by a soldier; and remained fighting by his side, until he saw two more horses share the same fate: and, on the next charge, Kosciuszko himself fell back on his saddle. Thaddeus caught him in his arms; but finding that his breast was immediately covered with blood, (a Cossac having stabbed the general in the back) he unconsciously uttered a groan of horror. The surrounding soldiers took the alarm, and, "Kosciuszko, our general is killed!" was echoed from rank to rank, with such piercing shrieks, that the wounded hero opened his eyes, and was preparing to speak to his young friend, when two Russian chasseurs, in the same moment, made a cut at them both. The sabre struck the exposed head of Kosciuszko, who fell senseless to the ground; and Thaddeus received a gash in his shoulder, which knocked him off his horse.

The

The consternation became universal; groans of despair seemed to issue from the whole army, whilst the few resolute Poles, who had been stationed near the fallen general, fell in mangled heaps upon his bosom. Thaddeus with difficulty extricated himself from the bodies of the slain; and fighting his way through the triumphant troops which pressed around him, he joined his terror-stricken comrades; who in the wildest confusion, were dispersing under a heavy fire, and flying like frighted deer. In vain he called to them; in vain he urged them to avenge Kosciuszko; the panic was complete, and they fled.

Almost alone, in the rear of his soldiers, he opposed with his single and desperate arm, party after party of the enemy, until a narrow stream of the Muchavez stopped his retreat. The waters were crimsoned with blood. He plunged in, and beating the blushing wave with his left arm, in a few seconds gained the opposite

posite bank; where, fainting from fatigue and loss of blood, he sunk, almost deprived of sense, amidst a heap of the killed.

When the pursuing squadrons had galloped by him, he again summoned strength to look around. He raised himself from the ground, and by the help of his sword, on which he leaned, supported his steps a few paces farther: but, good God! what was the shock he received, when the bleeding and lifeless body of his grandfather lay before him? He stood, for a few moments, motionless, and without sensation; then, kneeling down by his side, whilst he felt as if his heart were palsied with death, he searched for the wounds of the palatine. They were numerous and deep. He would have torn away the handkerchief, with which he had staunched his own blood, to have applied it to that of his grandfather, but by so doing he must have disabled himself from giving him further assistance. He took

took his sash and neck-cloth, and when they were insufficient, he rent the linen from his breast; then hastening to the river, he brought a little water in his cap, and threw some of its stained drops on the pale features of Sobieski.

The venerable hero opened his eyes; in a minute afterwards, he recognised, that it was his grandson who knelt by him. The palatine pressed his hand, which was cold as ice: the marbled lips of Thaddeus could not move.

"My son," said the veteran, in a low voice, "Heaven hath led you here, to receive the last sigh of your grandfather." Thaddeus trembled; the palatine continued, "Carry my blessing to your mother; and bid her seek comfort in the consolations of her God. May that God preserve you; ever remember, that you are his servant; be obedient to him; and as I have been, be faithful to your country."

"May

"May God so bless me," cried Thaddeus, looking up to Heaven.

"And ever remember," said the palatine, raising his head, which had dropt on the bosom of his grandson, "that you are a Sobieski! It is my dying command, that you never take any other name."

"I promise."

Thaddeus could say no more, for the countenance of his grandfather became altered; his eyes closed. Thaddeus caught him to his breast. No heart beat against his; all was still, and cold. The body dropped from his arms, and he sank senseless by its side.

When sensation returned to him, he looked up. The sky was shrouded in clouds, which a driving wind was blowing from the orb of the moon, as a few of her white rays, here and there, gleamed on the weapons of the slaughtered soldiers.

The scattered senses of Thaddeus slowly

ly recollected themselves. He was now lying, the only living creature, amidst thousands of the dead, who, the preceding night, had been, like himself, alive to all the consciousness of existence. His right hand rested on the chilled face of his grandfather, it was wet with dew; he shuddered; and taking his own cloak from his shoulders, laid it over the body. He would have said as he did it, "So, my father, I would have sheltered thy life, with the sacrifice of my own!" but the words choaked in his throat; and he sat watching by the corse, until the day dawned, and the Poles returned to bury their slain.

The wretched Thaddeus was discovered by a party of his own hussars, seated on a little mound of earth, with the cold hand of Sobieski grasped in his. At this sight, the soldiers uttered a cry of horror. Thaddeus rose up; "my friends," said he, "I thank God that you are come!

Assist me to bear my dear grandfather to the camp."

Astonished at his composure, but distressed at the deathful hue of his countenance, they obeyed him in mournful silence; and laid the remains of the palatine upon a bier; which they formed with their sheathed sabres; then gently raising it, they retrod their steps to the camp; having left a detachment to accomplish the duty for which they had quitted it. Thaddeus, hardly able to support his weakened frame, mounted a horse, and followed the melancholy procession.

General Wawrzecki, on whom the command had devolved, seeing the party returning so soon, and in such an order, sent an aid-de-camp to inquire the reason. He came back with dejection in his face; and informed the commander, that the brave palatine of Masovia, whom they supposed had been taken prisoner, along with

with his grandson and Kosciuszko, was the occasion of this sudden return; that he had been killed, and was now approaching the lines, on the arms of his soldiers. Wawrzecki, though glad to hear that Thaddeus was alive and at liberty, turned round to conceal his tears; then calling out a guard, he marched at their head, to meet the corpse of his illustrious friend.

The bier was carried into the general's tent. An aid-de-camp, with some gentlemen of the faculty, were ordered to attend Thaddeus to his quarters; but the young count, though scarcely able to stand, appeared to linger; and holding fast by the arm of an officer, he looked stedfastly on the body. Wawrzecki understood his hesitation. He pressed his hand; "Fear not, my dear sir;" said he, "every honour shall be paid to the remains of your noble grandfather." Thaddeus bowed his head, and was supported out of the tent to his own.

His wounds, of which he had received several, were not deep; and might have been of little consequence, had not his thoughts continually hovered about his mother, and painted her affliction, when she should be informed of the lamentable events of the last day's battle. These reflections, awake, or in a slumber (for he never slept), possessed his mind; and even whilst his wounds were healing, produced such an irritation in his blood, as hourly threatened a fever.

Things were in this situation, when the surgeon put a letter from the countess into his hand. He opened it, and read with breathless anxiety, these lines:

"*To Thaddeus, Count Sobieski.*

"Console yourself, my most precious son, console yourself for my sake. I have seen colonel Lomza; and I have heard all the horrors which took place on the tenth of this month. I have heard them, and I am yet alive; I am resigned: but he tells me that you are wounded. Oh! do not

not let me be bereft of my son also! Remember, that you were my dear sainted father's darling: remember, that as his representative, you are to be my consolation: in pity to me, if not to our suffering country, preserve yourself, to be at least the last comfort which Heaven will spare to me. I find, that all is lost to Poland, as well as to myself; that when my glorious father fell, and his friend with him, the republic became extinct. The Russian army is now on its march towards Masovia; and I am too weak to come to you. Let me see you soon, very soon, my beloved son; I beseech you, come to me! You will find me feebler in body, than in mind; for there is a holy comforter, that descends on the bruised heart, which none other than the unhappy have conceived or felt. Farewell, my dear, dear Thaddeus! Let the memory, that you have a mother, check your too ardent courage. God for ever guard you. Live for your mother; who has no stronger

words to express her affection for you, than that she is thy mother;—thy

"THERESE SOBIESKI."

"*Villanow, October,* 1794."

This letter was indeed a balm to the soul of Thaddeus. That his adored mother had received intelligence of the cruel event with such resignation, was the best medicine, which could now be applied to his wounds, both of mind and body;—and when he was told, that on the succeeding morning, the body of his grandfather would be removed to the convent near Biala, he declared his resolution to attend it to the grave.

In vain his surgeons and general Wawrzecki, remonstrated against the danger of this project; for once, the gentle, and yielding spirit of Thaddeus, seemed inflexible. He had fixed his determination, and it was not to be shaken.

Next day, being the seventh from that in which the fatal battle had been decided, Thaddeus, at the first beat of the drum,

drum, rose from his bed, and almost unassisted, put on his cloaths. His uniform being black, he needed no other index than his pale and mournful countenance, to announce that he was chief mourner.

The procession began to form, and he walked from his tent. It was a fine morning; Thaddeus looked up, as if to upbraid the sun for shining so brightly. Lengthened and repeated rounds of cannon rolled along the air. The solemn march of the dead, was moaning from the muffled drum, interrupted at measured pauses, by the shrill tremor of the fife. The troops, preceded by their general, moved forward with a decent and melancholy step. The bishop of Warsaw followed, bearing the sacred volume in his hands: and next, borne upon the crossed pikes of his soldiers, and supported by twelve of his veteran companions, appeared the body of the brave Sobieski. A velvet pall covered it; on which were laid those arms, with which

for fifty years, he had asserted the liberties of his country. At this sight, the sobs of the men became audible. Thaddeus followed, with a slow but firm step, his eyes bent to the ground, and his arms wrapped in his cloak: it was the same which had shaded his beloved grandfather from the dews of that dreadful night. Another train of solemn music succeeded; and then the squadrons, which the deceased had commanded, dismounted, and leading their horses, closed the procession.

On the verge of the plain that borders Biala, and within a few paces of the convent gate of St. Francis, the bier stopped. The monks saluted its appearance with a requiem, which they continued to chant till the coffin was lowered into the ground. The earth received its sacred deposit. The anthems ceased: and the soldiers kneeling down, discharged their musquets over it; then, with streaming cheeks, rose, and gave place to others. Nine vollies were fired, and the ranks fell back.

The

The bishop advanced to the head of the grave; all was hushed; he raised his eyes to Heaven; then, after a pause, in which he seemed to be communing with the regions above him, he turned to the silent assembly, and in a voice, collected and impressive, addressed them in a short, but affecting oration, in which he set forth the brightness of Sobieski's life; his noble forgetfulness of self, in the interests of his country; and the dauntless bravery, which had laid him in the dust.—A general discharge of cannon and musquetry, was the awful response to this appeal. Wawrzecki took the sword of the palatine, and breaking it, dropt it into the grave. The aides-de-camp of the deceased did the same by theirs; shewing, that by so doing, they resigned their offices; and then covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, they turned away with the soldiers who filed off. Thaddeus sunk on his knees: his hands were clasped, and his eyes for a few minutes fixed them-

selves on the coffin of his grandfather; then rising, he leaned on the arm of Wawrzecki, and with a tottering step, and pallid countenance, mounted his horse, which had been led to the spot; and returned, with the scattered procession, to the camp.

The cause for exertion being over, his spirits fell with the rapidity of a spring too highly wound up, which snaps, and runs down to absolute immobility. He entered his tent, and threw himself on the bed; from which he did not arise, during five days.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

At a time, when the effects of these sufferings and fatigues had brought him very low, the young count Sobieski was aroused, by the information, that the Russians had already planted themselves before Prague, and were threatening to bombard the town. This intelligence rallied the spirits of the depressed soldiers, who readily obeyed their commander, to put themselves in order of march the next day. Thaddeus saw that the decisive blow was pending; and though hardly able to sit his horse, he refused the indulgence of a litter; determining that no illness, however severe, should make him flag one hour from the active exercise of his duty.

Devastation was spread over the face of the country. As the troops moved, the

unhappy and houseless villagers, presented an agonizing picture to their view. Old men stood amongst the ashes of their homes, deploring the cruelty of power; children and women sat by the way side, weeping over the last sustenance, which the wretched infant drew from the breast of its perishing mother.

Thaddeus shut his eyes on the scene.

"O, my country! my country!" exclaimed he, "what are my personal griefs to thine? Nothing, nothing. It is your wretchedness that barbs me to the heart! Look there," cried he to the soldiers, pointing to the miserable spectacles before him, "look there, and carry vengeance into the breasts of their destroyers. Let Prague be the last act of this tragedy!"

Unhappy young man, unfortunate country! It was indeed the last act of a tragedy, to which all Europe were spectators; a tragedy, which the nations witnessed, without one attempt to stop or delay its dread-

dreadful catastrophe! O! how must virtue be lost, when it is no longer an article of policy, even to assume it!

After a long march, through a dark and dismal night, the morning began to break; and Thaddeus found himself on the southern side of that little river, which divides the territories of Sobieski from the woods of Kobylka. Here, for the first time, he endured all the torturing varieties of despair.

The once fertile fields, were burnt to stubble; the cottages were yet smoaking, from the ravages of the fire: and in place of smiling eyes and thankful lips, he beheld the dead bodies of his peasants, stretched on the high roads, mangled, bleeding, and stripped of that decent covering, which humanity would not deny to the vilest criminal.

Thaddeus could bear the sight no longer; but setting spurs to his horse, fled from the contemplation of scenes which harrowed up his heart.

At

At night-fall, the army halted under the walls of Villanow. The count looked towards the windows of the palace, and by the light shining through the half-drawn curtains, soon distinguished his mother's room. He then turned his eyes on that sweep of building, which contained the palatine's apartments; but not one solitary lamp illumined its gloom; the moon alone glimmered on the battlements; silvering the painted glass of the study window, where, with that beloved parent, he had so lately gazed upon the stars; and anticipated a campaign, which had now so fatally terminated.

These thoughts, with his grief, and his forebodings, were buried in the depths of his soul. Addressing general Wawrzecki, he bade him welcome to Villanow; requesting at the same time, that the men might be directed to rest till the morning; and that he, and the officers, would partake of refreshment within the palace.

As soon as Thaddeus saw his guests seated

seated at different tables in the eating-hall, and had given orders for the soldiers to be served from the cellars, he withdrew to seek the countess. He found her in her dressing-room, surrounded by the attendants, who had just informed her of his arrival. The moment he appeared at the door, the women went out at an opposite passage, and Thaddeus, with an anguished heart, threw himself on the bosom of his mother. They were silent for some time. Poignant recollection stopped their utterance: but neither tears nor sighs filled up its place, until the countess, —on whose soul the full tide of maternal affection pressed, and mingled with her grief,—raised her head from her son's neck, and said, whilst she strained him in her arms; "Receive my thanks, O! Father of Mercy, for having spared to me this blessing!"

Sobieski breathed a response to the address of his mother; and drying her tears with his kisses, dwelt upon the never-dying fame

fame of his beloved grandfather; upon his preferable lot to that of their brave friend Kosciuszko, who was doomed, not only to survive the liberty of his country, but to pass the residue of his life within the dungeons of a Russian prison. He then tried to re-animate her spirits with hope. He spoke of the approaching battle, without expressing any doubt of the valour and desperation of the Poles rendering it successful. He talked of the firmness of the king; of the courage of the general; of his own resolution. His discourse began in a wish to cheat her into tranquillity; but as he advaneed on the subject, his soul took fire at its own warmth, and he half believed the probability of his anticipations.

The countess looked on the honourable glow which crimsoned his harassed features, with a pang at her heart.

"My heroic son!" cried she, "my darling Thaddeus! what a vast price do I pay for all this excellence! I could not love

love you, were you otherwise than what you are; and being what you are, O! how soon may I lose you! Already has your noble grandfather paid the debt which he owed to his glory: he promised, to fall with Poland; he has kept his word; and now, all that I love on earth is concentrated in you." The countess paused, and pressing his hand almost wildly on her heart, she continued, in a hurried voice; "The same spirit is in your breast; the same principle binds you; and I may at last be left alone. Heaven, have pity on me!"

She cast her eyes upwards, as she ended. Thaddeus, sinking on his knees by her side, implored her with all the earnestness of piety and confidence, to take comfort. The countess embraced him with a forced smile, and said; "You must forgive me, Thaddeus, I have nothing of the soldier in my heart; it is all woman. But I will not detain you longer, my dear boy, from that rest which you require; go to your room,

room, and try to recruit yourself for the dangers, which I expect to-morrow will bring forth. I shall employ the night, in prayers for your safety."

Sobieski, consoled to see any composure in his mother, withdrew; and after having heard that his numerous guests were properly lodged, went to his own chamber.

Next morning, at sun-rise, the troops prepared to march. General Wawrzecki with his officers, begged permission to pay their personal gratitude to the countess, for the hospitality of her reception: she declined that honour, on the plea of indisposition; and in the course of an hour, the count appeared from her apartment, and joined the general.

The soldiers filed off through the gates; crossed the bridge; and halted under the walls of Prague. The lines of the camp were drawn, and fortified, before the evening; at which time they found leisure, to observe the enemy's strength.

Russia

Russia seemed to have exhausted her wide regions, to people the narrow shores of the Vistula; from east to west, as far as the eye could reach, her armies were stretched to the horizon. Sobieski looked at them, and then on the handful of intrepid hearts, contained in the small circumference of the Polish camp; and sighing heavily, retired into his tent; where, vainly seeking repose, he mixed his short and startled slumbers, with frequent prayers for the preservation of these last victims to their country.

The hours appeared to stand still. Several times he rose from his bed, and went to the door, to see whether the clouds were tinged with any appearance of dawn. All continued dark. He again returned into his marquée, and standing by the lamp, which was nearly exhausted, took out his watch, and tried to distinguish the points; but finding that the light burnt too feebly, he was pressing the repeating spring,

spring, which struck five, when the report of a single musquet made him start.

He flew to his tent door, and looking about him, saw that all in that quarter was at rest; then suspecting that it might be a signal of the enemy, he hurried towards the entrenchments; where he found the centinels in perfect security from any fears respecting the sound, as they supposed it to have proceeded from the town.

Sobieski paid little attention to their opinions, but ascending the nearest bastion to take a wider survey, in a few minutes he discerned, though obscurely, through the faint gleams of morning, the whole host of Russia advancing in profound silence towards the Polish lines. The instant he made this discovery, he came down, and lost no time in giving orders for a defence; then flying to other parts of the camp, he awakened the commander in chief, encouraged the men, and saw that the whole encampment was not

not only in motion, but prepared for the assault.

In consequence of these prompt arrangements, the Russians were received with the cross fire of the batteries; and case shot and musquetry, from several redoubts; which raked their flanks as they approached; however, in defiance of this shower of bullets, they pressed on with an intrepidity worthy of a better cause; and overleaping the ditch by squadrons, entered the camp. A passage once secured, the Cossacs rushed in by thousands; and spreading themselves in front of the storming party, put every soul to the bayonet who opposed their way.

The Polish works being gained, the Russians turned the cannon on its former masters; and as these rallied to the defence of what remained, swept them down, by whole regiments. The noise of artillery thundered from all sides of the camp: the smoke was so great, that it was hardly possible to distinguish friends from foes; never-

nevertheless, the spirits of the Poles flagged not a moment: as fast as one rampart was wrested from them, they threw themselves within another; which was as speedily taken, by the help of hurdles, fascines, ladders, and a courage as resistless, as it was ferocious, merciless, and sanguinary. Every spot of vantage ground was at length lost; and yet, the Poles fought like lions; quarter was neither offered to them nor required; they disputed every inch of way, until they fell upon it in heaps; some, lying before the parapets; others, filling the ditches; and the rest, covering the ground, for the enemy to tread on, as they cut their passage to the heart of the camp.

Sobieski, almost maddened by the scene, dripping with his own blood, and that of his brave friends, was seen in every part of the action; he was in the fosse, defending the trampled bodies of those who were dying; he was on the dyke, animating the few who remained; Wawrzecki

zecki was slain, and every hope hung upon Thaddeus; his presence and voice, infused new energy into the arms of his almost fainting countrymen: they kept close to his side, until the Russians, enraged at the dauntless intrepidity of this young hero, uttered the most unmanly imprecations, and rushing on his little phalanx, attacked it with redoubled numbers and fury.

Sobieski sustained the shock with firmness; but wherever he turned his eyes, they were blasted with some object which made them recoil; he beheld his companions, and his soldiers, strewing the earth; and their barbarous adversaries, mounting their dying bodies, as they hastened, with loud huzzas, to the destruction of Prague, whose gates were now burst open. His eyes grew dim at this sight; and at the very moment in which he tore them from spectacles so deadly to his heart, a Lavonian officer struck him with a sabre, to all appearance dead upon the field.

When

When Thaddeus recovered from the blow, which having lit on the steel of his cap, had only stunned him, he looked round, and found that all near him was quiet; but a far different scene presented itself from the town. The roar of cannon, and the bursting of bombs, thundered through the air; which was rendered livid and tremendous, by long spires of fire, streaming from the burning houses, and mingling with the volumes of smoke which rolled from the guns. The dreadful tocsin, and the hurras of the victors, pierced the soul of the Count; springing from the ground, he was preparing to rush forward to the gates, when loud outcries of distress issued from the interior of the place,—and a moment after, the grand magazine blew up, with a horrible explosion.

In an instant, the field before Prague was filled with women and children, flying in all directions, and rending the sky with their shrieks. "Father Almighty!" cried Thad-

Thaddeus, wringing his hands, "canst thou suffer this?" Whilst he yet spake, some straggling Cossacs, from the town, who were prowling about, glutted, but not sated with blood, seized the poor fugitives, and with a ferocity as wanton as unmanly, released them at once from life and affliction.

This hideous spectacle brought his mother's defenceless state before the eyes of Sobieski. Her palace was only four miles distant; and whilst the barbarous avidity of the Russians, was too busily engaged in sacking the place, to permit them to perceive a solitary individual hurrying away amidst heaps of dead bodies, he flew across the desolated meadows, which intervened between Prague and Villanow.

Thaddeus was met at the gate of the palace, by general Butzou; who having learnt the fate of Prague, from the noise and flames in that quarter, anticipated the arrival of some part of the victorious army before the walls of Villanow. When the

count crossed the draw-bridge, he saw that the worthy veteran had prepared every thing for a stout resistance; the ramparts were lined with soldiers, and well mounted with artillery.

"Here, my dear lord," cried he, as he led the count up to the keep, "let the worst happen, here I am resolved to dispute the possession of your grandfather's palace, until I have not a man to stand by me!"

Thaddeus strained him in silence to his breast; and then, after examining the force, and giving further orders for more commanding dispositions, he went to the apartments of his mother.

The countess's women, who met him in the vestibule, begged him to be careful how he entered her ladyship's room; for she had only just recovered from a swoon, occasioned by alarm, at hearing the cannonade againt the Polish camp. Thaddeus waited for no more; but regardless of their caution, threw open the door of

the

the chamber; and hastening up to his mother's couch, cast himself into her arms. She clung round his neck; and for a while, joy stopped her respiration, till bursting into tears, she wept over him, incapable of expressing by words, her tumultuous gratitude at again beholding him alive. He looked on her altered and pallid features.

"O! my mother," cried he, clasping her to his breast, "you are ill; and what will become of you?"

"My beloved son," replied she, kissing his forehead, through the clotted blood which oosed from a cut above his temple; "my beloved son, before our cruel murderers can arrive, I shall have found a refuge in the bosom of my God."

Thaddeus could only answer with a groan. She resumed: "Give me your hand. I must not witness the grandson of Sobieski, given up to despair: let your mother incite you to resignation. You see, I have not breathed a complaining

word, although I behold you covered with wounds." As she spoke, she pointed to the sash and handkerchief, which were bound round his thigh and left arm. "Our separation will not be long; a few short years, perhaps hours, may unite us for ever in a better world."

The count was still speechless; he could only press her hand to his lips. After pausing a moment, she proceeded.—"Look up, my dear boy! and attend to me. Should Poland become the property of other nations, I conjure you, if you survive its fall, to leave it. When reduced to slavery, it will be no longer an asylum for a man of honour. I beseech you, should this happen, go that very hour to England: That is a free country; and I have been told, the people are kind to the unfortunate. Thaddeus! Why do you delay to answer me? Remember, these are your mother's dying prayers."

"I will obey you."

"Then," continued she, taking out of her

her bosom a picture, "Let me tie this round your neck? It is the portrait of your father." Thaddeus bent his head forward, and the countess fastened it under his waistcoat: "Prize this gift, my child; it is likely to be all that you will now inherit either from me, or that father. Try to forget his injustice, my dear son; and in memory of me never part with it. O! Thaddeus, since the moment in which I first received it, until this instant, it has never been from my heart!"

"And it shall never leave mine," answered he in a stifled voice, "whilst I have being."

The countess was preparing to reply, when a sudden volley of fire arms made Thaddeus spring upon his feet. Loud outcries succeeded. The women rushed into the apartment screaming, "The ramparts are stormed!" and the next moment that quarter of the building rocked to its foundation. The countess clung to the bosom of her son; Thaddeus clasped her

close to his breast, and casting up his petitioning eyes to Heaven, "O God!" cried he, "can I not find shelter for my mother!"

Another burst of cannon was followed by a heavy crash, and the most piercing shrieks echoed through the palace. "All is lost!" cried a soldier, who appeared for an instant at the room door, and vanished.

Thaddeus, overwhelmed with despair, grasped his sword, which had fallen to the ground, and crying, "Mother, we will die together!" would have given her one last and assuring embrace, when his eyes met the dreadful sight of her before agitated features, now tranquillized in death. She fell from his palsied arms back on the sofa, and he stood gazing on her, as if struck by a power which had benumbed all his faculties.

The tumult in the palace encreased every moment; but he heard it not, until Butzou, followed by two or three of his soldiers,

soldiers, ran into the apartment, calling out, "Count, save yourself!"

Sobieski still remained motionless. The general caught him by the arm, and covering the body of the deceased countess with the mantle of Thaddeus, hurried him, almost unconscious of moving, by an opposite door, through the state-chambers, into the gardens.

Thaddeus did not recover his recollection, until he reached the outward gate; then breaking from the hold of his friend, was returning to the sorrowful scene he had left, when Butzou, aware of his intentions, just stopped him time enough, to prevent his rushing on the bayonets of a party of Russian infantry, who were pursuing them at full speed.

The count now rallied his distracted faculties; and making a stand, with the general and his three Poles, they compelled this merciless detachment, to seek refuge among the arcades of the building.

Butzou would not allow his young lord

to pursue the wretches, but hurried him across the park. He looked behind him; a long column of fire issued from the south towers. Thaddeus sighed with deep regret, "All is indeed over!" and pressing his hand to his forehead, in that attitude, followed the steps of the general towards the Vistula.

From the wind's being very high, the flame spread itself over the roof of the palace; and catching at every combustible in its way, the Russians became so terrified at the quick progress of a fire, which threatened to consume themselves as well as their plunder, that they quitted it with precipitation; and descrying the count and his soldiers at a little distance, directed all their malice to that point: speedily overtaking him, they blocked up the bridge by a file of men with fixed pikes; and not only menaced the Polanders as they advanced, but derided their means of resistance.

Sobieski, indifferent alike to danger and

to

to insults, stopped short to the left, and followed by his friends, plunged into the stream, amidst a shower of musket balls from the enemy. In a few minutes he reached the opposite bank; where he was assisted out of the river, by some of the weeping inhabitants of Warsaw; who had been watching the expiring ashes of Prague, and the flames, which were feeding on the boasted towers of Villanow.

Emerged from the water, Thaddeus stood to regain his breath; and leaning on the shoulder of Butzou, he pointed to his burning palace, and said, with a smile of agony, "See what a funeral pile, Heaven has raised to the manes of my dear mother!"

The general did not speak; for his emotions choaked him; but motioning the two soldiers to proceed, he supported the count into the citadel.

CHAP. VIII.

FROM the termination of this awful day, in which a brave and unhappy people were consigned to slavery, Thaddeus was confined to his apartment in the garrison.

It was now the latter end of November. General Butzou, supposing that the illness of his lord might continue some weeks, and aware that no time ought to be lost, obtained his permission, and quitting Warsaw, joined prince Poniatowski, who was yet under arms, at the head of a few troops, near Sachoryn.

Meanwhile the count Sobieski, finding himself tolerably well restored; except in those wounds of the heart, which time only can heal, was enabled to leave his room, and breathe a little fresh air on the ramparts. His first appearance was greeted by

by the officers, with melancholy congratulations; but their replies soon displaced the faint smile, which he tried to spread over his countenance; and, with a contracted brow, he listened to the following information.

Prague was not only razed to the ground: but upwards of thirty thousand persons, besides old men, women, and defenceless infants, perished by the sword, the river, and the flames. All the horrors of Ismail were re-acted by Suwarrow on the banks of the Vistula. The citizens of Warsaw, intimidated by such a spectacle, assembled in a body, and, driven to desperation, repaired to the foot of the throne. On their knees, they implored his majesty to forget the contested rights of his subjects; and, in pity to their wives and children, allow them, by a timely submission, to save those dear relatives, from the ignominy and cruelty, which had been wreaked upon the inhabitants of Prague. Stanislaus saw that

opposition would be fruitless. The walls of his capital were already surrounded by a train of artillery, prepared to blow the town to atoms, on the first command of the Russian general; the fate of Poland was inevitable: and therefore, with a deep sigh, he assented to the petition, and sent deputies to the enemy's camp.

"And," continued the officer, "Suwarrow, in reply, demands, that every man in Poland, shall not only surrender his arms, but sue for pardon for the past; and these conditions are consented to."

"They never shall be, by me," said Sobieski; and turning from his informer, he walked towards the royal palace; hardly knowing what were his intentions, or, what he had else, to hope or fear.

When his majesty was apprized, that the young count Sobieski awaited him in the audience chamber, he left his closet, where he had been musing alone, and entered the room. Thaddeus, with a swelling heart, would have thrown himself on his

his knee, but the king prevented him, and pressed him, with emotion, in his arms.

"Brave young man!" cried he, "I embrace, in you, the last of those Polish youth, who were so lately the brightest jewels in my crown."

Tears stood in the monarch's eyes, as he spoke; and Sobieski, with hardly a steadier utterance, answered, "I come to receive your majesty's commands. I will obey them in all things, but in surrendering this sword (which my grandfather bequeathed), into the hands of your enemies."

"I will not desire you, my noble friend," replied Stanislaus; "by my acquiescence with the terms of Russia, I comply only, with the earnest prayers of my people; I do not compel any. I shall not ask you to betray your country; but alas! you must not throw away your life in a now hopeless cause. Fate has consigned Poland to subjection; and when Heaven,

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in its all-wise, though mysterious decrees, confirms the destruction of kingdoms, man has no further duty than resignation. For myself, I am ordered by our conqueror, to bury my griefs and indignities in the castle of Grodno."

The blood rushed over the cheek of Thaddeus, at this meek declaration of his majesty, to which, the proud indignation of his soul could in no way subscribe; with a heated and agitated voice, he exclaimed, "If my sovereign be already at the command of our oppressors, then indeed is Poland no more! and I have nothing to do, but to perform the dying will of my mother. Will your majesty grant me permission to set off for England, before I can be obliged to witness this last calamity of my wretched country!"

"I would to Heaven," replied the king, "that I, too, might repose my age and sorrows in that happy kingdom! Go, Sobieski; my prayers and blessings shall follow you."

Thaddeus

Thaddeus pressed his majesty's hand to his lips.

"Believe me, my dear count," continued Stanislaus, "my soul bleeds at this parting. I know the treasure which your family has always been to this nation: I know your own individual merit: I know the wealth which you have sacrificed for me, and my subjects; and I am powerless to express my gratitude."

"Had I done any thing more than my absolute duty," replied he, "such words from your majesty's lips, would have been a reward adequate to every deprivation: but, alas, no! I have perhaps performed less than my duty; the blood of a Sobieski ought not to have been spared one drop, when the liberties of his country perished!" Thaddeus blushed whilst he spoke; and almost repented the too ready zeal of his friends, in having saved him from the general slaughter at Villanow.

The voice of the venerable Stanislaus became fainter, as he resumed—

"Perhaps,

"Perhaps, had a Sobieski reigned at this time, these horrors might not have been accomplished! That tyrannous power, which has crushed my people, I cannot forget, was the same which put the sceptre into my hand. Catharine misunderstood my principles: She calculated on giving a traitor to the Poles; but, when she made me a king, she could not obliterate that stamp, which the KING of KINGS had graved upon my heart: I believed myself to be HIS vicegerent; and to the utmost, I have struggled to fulfil my trust."

"Yes, my sovereign!" cried Thaddeus, "and whilst there remains one man on earth, who has drawn his first breath in Poland, he will bear witness in all the lands through which he may be doomed to wander, that he has received from you the care and affection of a father. O! sir, how will future ages believe, that in the midst of civilized Europe, a brave people and a virtuous monarch, were

suffered

suffered unaided, undeplored, to fall into the grasp of usurpation and murder?"

Stanislaus laid his hand on the arm of the count, and with a languid smile gleaming from his eyes, he said,—

"Man's ambition and baseness are monstrous, to the contemplation of youth only. You are learning your lesson early: I have studied mine for many years, and with a bitterness of soul, which in some measure prepared me for the completion. My kingdom has passed from me, at the moment you have lost your country. Before we part for ever, my dear Sobieski, take with you this assurance!—You have served the unfortunate Stanislaus, to the latest hour in which you beheld him. That which you have just said, relative to the sentiments of those who were my subjects, is indeed a balm to my heart; and I will carry its consolations to my prison."

The king paused; Sobieski, agitated and incapable of speaking, threw himself at

at his majesty's feet, and pressed his hand with fervency and anguish, to his lips. The king looked down at his graceful figure; and pierced to the soul, by the more graceful feelings which dictated the action, the tear which stood on his eyelid rolled over his cheek, and was followed by another, before he could add,

"Rise, my young friend, and take this ring. It contains my picture; wear it in remembrance of a man who loves you; and who never can forget your worth, or the loyalty and patriotism of your house."

The chancellor at that moment being announced, Thaddeus rose from his knee; and was preparing to leave the room, when his majesty perceiving his intention, desired him to stop.

"Stay, count!" cried he, "I will burthen you with one request. I am now a king without a crown, without subjects, without a foot of land, in which to bury me when I die; I cannot reward the fidelity of any one of the few friends, of whom my

my enemies have not deprived me; but you are young, and Heaven may yet smile upon you in some distant nation. Will you pay a debt of gratitude for your poor sovereign? Should you ever again meet with the good old Butzou, who rescued me, when my preservation lay on the fortune of a moment, remember, that I regard him as the saviour of my life! I was told to-day, that this brave man, on the destruction of Prague, joined the army of my brother; which being now disbanded,—he, with the rest of my faithful soldiers, is cast forth, in his old age, on the bounty of a pityless world. Should you ever meet with him, Sobieski, succour him for my sake."

"As Heaven may succour me!" cried Thaddeus; and putting his majesty's hand a second time to his lips, he bowed to the chancellor, and passed into the street.

When the count returned to the citadel, he found that all was as the king had represented. The soldiers in the garrison, were

were reluctantly preparing to give up their arms: and the nobles, in compassion to the cries of the people, were trying to humble their necks to the yoke of the ravager. The magistrates lingered, as they went to take the city keys from the hands of their good king, who had so faithfully protected them: and anticipated, with bitter sighs, the moment, in which they should surrender them, and their rights, into the power of Suwarrow, and that '*foul woman of the North*,' who exulted in nothing more than devastation.

Poland was now no place for Sobieski. He had survived all his kindred. He had survived the liberties of his country. He had seen his king a prisoner; and his countrymen trampled on by deceit and cruelty. As he walked on, musing over these circumstances, he met with little interruption; for the streets were deserted. Here and there, a poor miserable wretch passed him, who seemed by his wan cheeks and haggard eyes, already to repent

repent the too successful prayers of the deputation. The shops were shut. Thaddeus stopped a few minutes, in the great square, which used to be crowded with happy citizens, but now, not one man was to be seen. An awful and expecting silence reigned over all. He sighed; and walking down the east-street, ascended that part of the ramparts, which covered the Vistula.

He turned his eyes to the spot, where once stood the magnificent towers of his paternal palace.

"Yes," cried he, "it is now time for me to obey the last command of my mother! Nothing remains of Poland, but its soil! nothing of my home but its ashes!"

The Russians had pitched a detachment of tents amidst the ruins of Villanow; and were at this moment, busying themselves, in searching amongst the stupendous fragments, for what plunder the fire might have spared.

"Insatiate robbers!" exclaimed Thaddeus,

deus, "Heaven will requite this sacrilege." He thought on the countess, who lay beneath the ruins, and tore himself from the sight, whilst he added, "Farewell for ever; farewell, thou beloved Villanow, in which I have spent so many blissful years! I quit thee, and my country, for ever!" As he spoke, he raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, and pressing the picture of his mother to his lips and bosom, turned from the parapet, against which he had been leaning, and walked back to his chamber; determining to prepare that night, for his departure the next morning.

He arose by daybreak: and having gathered together all his little wealth; the whole of which was compressed within the portmanteau that was buckled on his horse; precisely two hours before the triumphal car of general Suwarrow entered Warsaw, Sobieski left it; and as he rode over the streets, bedewed its stones with his tears. They were the first that he had shed,

shed, during the long series of his misfortunes; and they now flowed so fast from his eyes, that he could hardly discern his way out of the city.

At the great gate his horse stopped.

"Poor Saladine!" said Thaddeus, stroaking his neck, "are you so sorry at leaving Warsaw, that, like your unhappy master, you linger to take a last look!"

His tears redoubled; and the warder, as he opened the gate, and closed it after him, implored permission to kiss the hand of the noble count Sobieski, before he turned his back on Poland, never to return. Thaddeus looked kindly round, and shaking hands with the honest man, after saying a few friendly words to him, rode on with a loitering pace, until he reached that part of the river, which divides Masovia from the Prussian dominions.

Here he flung himself off his horse; and standing for a moment on the hill that rises near the bridge, retraced, with his almost blinded eyes, the long and desolated

solated lands through which he had passed; then involuntarily dropping on his knees, he plucked a tuft of grass, and pressing it to his lips, exclaimed, "Farewell, Poland! Farewell all my earthly happiness!"

Almost stifled by emotion, he put this poor relic of his country into his bosom; and remounting his horse, crossed the bridge.

As one, who in flying from any particular object, thinks to lose himself and his sorrows, when it lessens to his view, Sobieski pursued the remainder of his journey with a speed, which soon brought him to Dantzic.

After having spent a few days in this town, by much mental exertion, he regained some firmness of mind. It was a calm, arising from the conviction, that his afflictions had gained their summit; and that, however heavy they were, Heaven had laid them on him as a trial of faith and virtue. Under this belief, he ceased

ceased to weep; but he never was seen to smile.

Having entered into an agreement with the master of a vessel, to carry him across the sea; he found, that the strength of his finances would barely defray the charges of the voyage. Considering these circumstances, he saw the impossibility of taking his horse with him to England.

The first time that this idea presented itself, it almost overset his newly arranged philosophy. Tears would have started into his eyes, had he not by force withheld them.

"To part from my faithful Saladine," said he to himself, "that has borne me since I first could use a sword; that has carried me through so many dangers; and has come with me, even into exile; it is painful, it is ungrateful!" He was in the stable when this thought assailed him; and as the reflections followed each

other, he again turned to the stall; "But, my poor fellow, I will not barter your services for gold. I will seek for some master, who may be kind to you, in pity to my misfortunes."

He re-entered the hotel where he lodged, and calling a waiter, enquired who occupied the fine mansion and park, on the east of the town. The man replied, "Mr. Hopetown, an eminent British merchant, who has been settled at Dantzic above forty years."

"I am glad he is a Briton!" was the sentiment, which succeeded this information, in the count's mind. He immediately took his resolution, but hardly had prepared to put it into execution, when he received a summons from the captain, to be on board in half an hour, as the wind was set fair.

Thaddeus, rather disconcerted by this hasty call, with a depressed heart, wrote the following letter.

"*To*

"*To John Hopetown, Esq.*

"Sir!

"A Polish officer, who has sacrificed every thing, but his honour, to the last interests of his country, now addresses you.

"You are a Briton; and of whom can a victim to the cause of freedom, with less debasement solicit an obligation?

"I cannot afford support to the horse, which has carried me through the battles of this fatal war. I disdain to sell him; and, therefore, I implore you, by the respect that you pay to the memory of your ancestors; who struggled for, and retained that liberty, in defence of which, we are thus reduced! I implore you, to give him an asylum in your park, and to protect him from injurious usage.

"Perform this benevolent action, sir, and you shall ever be remembered with gratitude, by an unfortunate

"POLANDER."

"*Dantzic, November,* 1794."

The count having sealed and directed this letter, went into the hotel-yard, and ordered that his horse might be brought out. These few days of rest had restored him to his former mettle; and he appeared from the stable, prancing, and pawing the earth, as he used to do, when Thaddeus was going to mount him for the field.

The groom was striving in vain to restrain the spirit of the horse, when the count took hold of his bridle. The noble animal knew his master, and became gentle as a lamb. After stroaking him two or three times, with a bursting heart, he returned the reins into the man's hand, and at the same time gave him the letter.

"There," said he, "take that note, and the horse, directly, to the house of Mr. Hopetown. Leave them; for the letter requires no answer."

So saying, he walked out of the yard, towards the quay. The wind continuing fair, he entered the ship; and, within an hour, set sail for England.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

SOBIESKI passed the greater part of each day, and the whole of each night, on the deck of the vessel. He was too much absorbed in himself, to receive any amusement from the passengers; who observing his melancholy, thought to disperse it by their everlasting company and conversation.

When any of these officious people came upon deck, he walked to the head of the ship, took his seat upon the cable, which bound the anchor to the forecastle; and while their fears rendered him safe from their attacks, he gained some respite from vexation, though none from misery.

The ship having passed through the Baltic, and entered on the British sea,

the passengers, running from side to side of the vessel, pointed out to Thaddeus, the distant shore of England lying like a hazy ridge along the horizon: the happy people, whilst they strained their eyes through glasses, desired him to observe different spots on the hardly perceptible line, which they called Flamborough Head, and the hills of Yorkshire. He turned sick at these objects of pleasure, for not one of them raised a corresponding feeling in his breast. England could be nothing to him: if any thing, it would prove a desart only, which contained no one object for his regrets or wishes.

The image of Pembroke Somerset rose in his mind, like the dim recollection of one who has been a long time dead. Whilst they were together at Villanow, they loved each other warmly; and when they parted, they promised to correspond. One day, in pursuit of the enemy, Thaddeus was so unlucky as to lose the pocket book, which contained his friend's address;

dress; but yet, uneasy at his silence, he ventured two letters to him, directed, merely to Sir Robert Somerset's, England. To these, he received no answer; and the palatine, and the countess, declared so much displeasure at Pembroke's neglect and ingratitude, that they would not suffer him to be mentioned in their presence, and indeed Thaddeus, from disappointment and regret, felt no inclination to do so.

When the count remembered these things, he found little comfort in recollecting the name of that young Englishman: and now that he was visiting England as a poor exile; with indignation and grief, he gave up the wish, with the hope, of meeting Mr. Somerset. Sensible that Somerset had not acted as became the man, to whom he could apply in his distress; he resolved, unfriended as he was, to wipe him at once from his memory. With a bitter sigh, he turned his back on the land to which he was going,

and fixed his eyes on the tract of sea, which divided him from all that ever had given him delight.

"Father of Heaven!" murmured he, in a suppressed voice, "What have I done, to deserve this misery? Why have I been, at one stroke, deprived of all that rendered existence estimable? Two months ago, I had a mother, a more than father, to love and cherish me; I had a country, that looked up to them and to me, with veneration and confidence: now, I am bereft of all; I have neither father, mother, nor country, but am going to a land of strangers!"

Such impatient adjurations were never wrung from Sobieski by the anguish of sudden torture, without his ingenuous and pious mind reproaching itself for repining. His soul was as soft as a woman's; but it knew neither effeminacy nor despair. Whilst his heart bled, his countenance retained its serenity. Whilst affliction crushed him to the earth, and nature paid

a few

a few hard wrung drops to her expected dissolution, he contemned his tears, and raised his fixed and confiding eye to that power, which poured down its tempests on his head. Thaddeus felt as a man, but received consolation as a christian.

When the ship arrived at the mouth of the Thames, the eagerness of the passengers encreased to such an excess, that they would not stand still, nor be silent a moment; and when the vessel, under full sail, passed Sheerness, and the dome of St. Paul's appeared before them, their exclamations were loud and incessant. "My home! my parents! my wife! my friends!" were the burthen of every tongue.

Thaddeus found his irritable spirits again disturbed; and rising from his seat, he retired unobserved by the people, who were too happy to attend to any thing, which did not agree with their own transports. The cabin was as deserted as himself. Feeling that there is no solitude like that of the heart, when it looks around,

and sees in the vast concourse of human beings, not one to whom it can pour forth its sorrows, and in return, receive the answering sigh of sympathy, he threw himself on one of the lockers, and with difficulty restrained the tears from gushing from his eyes. He held his hand over them, while he contemned himself for a weakness so unbecoming his character.

He despised himself: but let not others despise him. It is difficult for those who are in prosperity; who lie morning and evening, in the lap of indulgence; to conceive the misery of being thrown out into a bleak and merciless world: it is impossible for the happy man, surrounded by luxury and gay companions, to figure to himself, the reflections of a fellow-creature, who, having been fostered in the bosom of affection and elegance, is cast at once from society, bereft of home, of comfort, of '*every stay, save innocence and Heaven.*' None but the

the wretched, can imagine, what the wretched endure, from actual distress; from apprehended misfortune; from outraged feelings; and ten thousand nameless sensibilities to injury, which only the unfortunate can conceive, dread, and experience.

Such were the anticipating fears of the count. Books, and report, led him to respect the English: Pembroke Somerset, at one time, would have taught him to love them: but the nearer he advanced towards the shore, the remembrance, that it was from this country, his father came; made him doubt the humanity of a people, of which his own parent and forgetful friend, were such detestable specimens.

The noise redoubled above his head; and in a few minutes afterwards, one of the sailors came rumbling down the stairs.

"Will it please your honour," said he, "to get up? That be my chest, and I want my clothes to clean myself before I

go on shore: mother, I know, be waiting for me at Blackwall."

Thaddeus rose, and seeing that quiet was not to be found any where, again ascended to the deck.

On coming up the hatchway, he saw that the ship was moored in the midst of a large city; and was surrounded by myriads of vessels, from every quarter of the globe. Sobieski leaned over the railing, and in silence, looked down on the other passengers, who were bearing off in boats, and shaking hands with the people who came to receive them.

"It is near dark, sir;" said the captain, "mayhap you would like to go on shore? There is a boat just come round, and the tide won't serve much longer; and as your friends don't seem to be coming for you, you are welcome to a place in it with me."

The count thanked him; and after defraying the expences of the voyage, and giving money amongst the seamen, he desired that

that his portmanteau might be put into the wherry. The honest fellows, in gratitude to the bounty of their passenger, struggled who should obey his commands; when, the captain, angry at being detained, snatched it from between two of them, who in kindness to its master, were almost tugging it asunder, and flinging it into the boat, leaped in after it, and was followed by Thaddeus.

The taciturnity of the sailor, and the deep melancholy of his guest, did not break the silence, until they reached the Tower-stairs.

"Go, Ben, fetch the gentleman a coach."

The count bowed to the captain, who gave the order; and in a few minutes, the boy came with intelligence, that there was one in waiting; he took up the portmanteau; and Thaddeus followed him to the Tower-gate, where the carriage stood. Ben threw in the baggage: the count put his foot on the step.

"Where

"Where must the man drive to?"

Thaddeus drew it back again.

"Yes, sir;" continued the lad; "where is your honour's home?"

"In my grave," was the response his aching heart made to this question. He hesitated before he spoke. "An hotel," said he, flinging himself on the seat, and throwing some silver into the sailor's hat.

"What hotel, sir?" asked the coachman.

"Any."

The man closed the door, mounted his box, and drove off.

It was now near seven o'clock, of a dark December evening. The lamps were lighted; and it being Saturday night, the streets were crowded with people. Thaddeus looked at them as he was driven along; "Happy creatures!" thought he, "you have each a home to go to; you have each, expecting friends to welcome you; every one of you, knows some being in the world, who will smile when you enter;

ter; whilst I, unhappy man! am shut out from every social comfort. Wretched, wretched Sobieski! where are now all thy highly prized treasures? thy boasted glory? and those beloved friends, who rendered that glory most precious to thee? Alas! all are withdrawn; vanished like a dream of enchantment; from which, I have indeed awakened, to a frightful solitude."

His reflections were broken by the stopping of the carriage. The man opened the door.

"Sir, I have brought you to the Hummums, Covent Garden: it has as good accommodations as any in town. My fare is five shillings."

Thaddeus gave the demand; and followed him, and his baggage, into the coffee-room. At the entrance of a man of his figure, several waiters presented themselves, begging to know his commands.

"I want a chamber."

He

He was ushered into a very handsome dining-room, where one of them laid down the portmanteau, and then bowing low, enquired whether he had dined.

The waiter having received his orders, (for the count saw that it was necessary to call for something,) hastened into the kitchen to communicate them to the cook.

"Upon my soul, Betty," cried he, "you must do your best to night, for the chicken is for the finest looking fellow you ever set your eyes on. By heaven, I believe him to be some Russian nobleman; perhaps the great Suwarrow himself."

"A prince you mean, Jenkins!" said a pretty girl, who entered at that moment; "since I was born, I never see'd any English lord walk up and down a room with such an air; he looks like a king: for my part, I should not wonder if he was one of them there emigrant kings; for they say, there is a power of them now wandering about the world."

"You

"You talk like a fool, Sally," cried the sapient waiter. "Don't you see that his dress is military? Look at his black cap, with its long bag and great feather, and the monstrous sabre at his side; look at them, and then if you can, say I am mistaken in pronouncing that he is some great Russian commander,—most likely come over as ambassador!"

"But he came in a hackney coach;" cried a little dirty boy in the corner. "As I was running up stairs with colonel Leeson's shoes, I see'd the coachman bring in his portmanteau."

"Well, Jack-a-napes, what of that?" cried Jenkins, "is a nobleman always to carry his equipage about him, like a snail with its shell on its back? To be sure, this foreign lord, or prince, is only come to stay here, till his own house is fit for him. I will be civil to him."

"And so will I Jenkins;" rejoined Sally, smiling, "for I never see'd such handsome blue eyes in my born days; and

and they turned so sweet on me, and he spoke so kindly, when he bade me stir the fire; and when he sat down by it, and throw'd off his great fur cloak, he shewed a glittering star; and a figure so noble, that indeed, cook, I do verily believe he is, as Jenkins says, an enthroned king!"

"You and Jenkins be a pair of fools;" cried the cook, who without noticing their description, had been sulkily basting the fowl; "I will be sworn, he's just such another king, as that palavering rogue was a French duke, who got my master's watch, and pawned it! As for you, Sally, you had better beware of hunting after foreign men-folk; it's not seemly for a young woman, and you may chance to rue it.

The moralizing cook, had now brought the whole kitchen on her shoulders. The men abused her for a surly old maid; and the women tittered, whilst they seconded her censure, by cutting sly jokes on the blushing face of poor Sally, who stood almost

most crying, by the side of her champion Jenkins.

Whilst this bubbub was going forward below stairs, its unconscious subject, was, as Sally had described, sitting, in a chair close to the fire, with his feet on the fender, his arms folded, and his eyes bent on the flames. He mused; but his ideas followed each other in such quick and confused succession, that it hardly could be said he thought of any thing.

The entrance of dinner roused him from his reverie. It was carried in by at least half a dozen waiters. The count had been so accustomed to a numerous suite of attendants, that he did not observe the parcelling out of his temperate meal; one bringing in the fowl, another the bread, his neighbour, the solitary plate; and the rest in like order: so solicitous were the male listeners in the kitchen, to see this wonderful Russian.

Thaddeus partook but lightly of the refreshment. Being already fatigued in body,

body, and dizzy with the motion of the vessel, as soon as the cloth was withdrawn, he ordered a night candle, and desired to be shewn to his chamber.

Jenkins, whom the sight of the embroidered star, confirmed in his decision that the foreigner must be a person of consequence, with encreased agility, whipped up the portmanteau, and led the way to the sleeping rooms. Here, curiosity put on a new form; the women servants, determined to have their wishes gratified as well as the men, had arranged themselves on each side of the passage through which the count must pass. At so strange an appearance, Thaddeus drew back; but supposing that it might be a custom of the country, he proceeded through this fair bevy; and bowed as he walked along, to the low curtsies, which they continued to make, until he entered his apartment, and closed the door.

The unhappy are ever restless: They hope in every change of situation, to obtain

tain some alteration in their feelings. Thaddeus was too miserable awake, not to view with eagerness, the bed, on which he trusted, that for a few hours at least, he might lose his consciousness of suffering, with its remembrance.

When he awoke in the morning, his head ached, and he opened his eyes as unrefreshed as when he had lain down; he undrew the curtain, and saw from the strength of the light, that it must be mid-day. He got up; and, having dressed himself, descended to the sitting room; where he found a good fire, and the breakfast already placed; he rang the bell; and walked to the window, to observe the appearance of the morning. A heavy snow had fallen during the night; and the sun, ascended to its meridian, shone through the thick atmosphere, like a ball of fire. All seemed comfortless without; and turning back to the warm hearth, which was blazing at the other

end

end of the room, he was reseating himself, when Jenkins brought in the tea-urn.

"I hope my lord," said the waiter, "that your lordship slept well last night?"

"Perfectly, I thank you," replied the count, unmindful that the man addressed him according to his rank; "when you come to remove these things, bring me my bill."

Jenkins bowed and withdrew; congratulating himself on his dexterity, in having saluted the stranger according to his title.

During the absence of the waiter, Thaddeus thought it time to examine the state of his purse: He well recollected how he had paid at Dantzic; and from the stile in which he was served here, he did not doubt, but that to defray what he had contracted, would nearly exhaust his all. He emptied the contents of his pocket, into his hand; a guinea, and some silver was all that he possessed: a

flush

flush of terror suffused itself over his face; he had never known the want of money before, and he trembled now, lest the charge should exceed his means of payment.

Jenkins entered with the bill. On the count's examining it, he was pleased to find, that it amounted to no more than the only piece of gold which his purse contained. He laid it upon the tea-board, and putting half-a-crown into the hand of Jenkins, who appeared waiting for something, wrapped his cloak round him, and was walking out of the room.

"I suppose, my lord," cried Jenkins pocketing the money with a smirk, and bowing with the things in his hands; "we are to have the honour of seeing your lordship again, as you leave your portmanteau behind you?"

Thaddeus hesitated a few seconds, then again moving towards the door, said, "I will send for it."

"By

"By what name, my lord?"

"The count Sobieski."

Jenkins immediately set down the tea board, and hurrying after Thaddeus, along the passage and through the coffee room; darted before him, and opening the door for him to go out, exclaimed loud enough for every body to hear, "Depend upon it, count Sobieski, I will take care of your lordship's baggage."

Thaddeus, rather displeased at his noisy officiousness, only bent his head, and proceeded into the street.

The air was piercing cold; and on his looking around, he perceived by the disposition of the square in which he was, that it must be a market place. The booths and stands were covered with snow; whilst parts of the pavement, were rendered nearly impassable, by the heaps of black ice, which the market people the preceding day, had shoveled up out of their way. He now recollected that it

was

was Sunday, and consequently the improbability of finding any lodgings on that day.

He stood under the piazzas for two or three minutes, bewildered on the plan he should adopt; to return to the hotel for any purpose but to sleep, in the present state of his finances, would be impossible: he therefore gave himself up, inclement as the season was, to walk the streets until night; when he would go back to the Hummums to his bed-chamber; and in the morning, quit it for a residence more suitable to the reduction of his fortunes.

The wind blew a keen north-east, accompanied with a violent shower of sleet and rain; yet such was the abstraction of his mind, that he hardly observed its bitterness, but walked on, careless whither his feet led him, until he stopped opposite to St. Martin's church.

"God is my only friend;" said he to himself, "and in his house, I shall surely find shelter!"

He turned up the steps, and was entering the porch, when he met the congregation thronging out of it.

"Is the service over?" he enquired of a decent old woman, who was passing him down the stairs. The woman started at this question, asked her in English, by a person, whose dress was so completely foreign. He repeated it; and she, smiling and curtseying, replied—

"Yes, sir; and I am sorry for it. Lord bless your handsome face, though you be a stranger gentleman, it does one's heart good to see you so devoutly given!"

Thaddeus blushed at this personal compliment, though it came from the lips of a wrinkled old woman; and begging permission to assist her down the stairs, he asked when service would begin again.

"At three o'clock, sir, and may heaven bless the mother who bore so pious a son!"

As the poor woman spoke, she raised her eyes with a melancholy resignation. The count, touched with her words and manner,

manner, almost unconsciously to himself, continued by her side as she hobbled down the street.

His eyes were fixed on the ground, until, as he walked forward, somebody pressing against him, made him look round; he saw that his aged companion had just knocked at the door of a mean-looking house; and that his new acquaintance and himself were surrounded by nearly a dozen people, besides boys, who, through curiosity, had followed them from the church porch.

"Ah! sweet sir;" cried she, "these folks are staring at so fine a gentleman taking notice of age and poverty."

Thaddeus was uneasy at the inquisitive gaze of the bye-standers; and his companion observing the fluctuations of his countenance, added, as the door was opened by a little girl;

"Will your honour walk in out of the rain, and warm yourself by my poor fire?"

He hesitated a moment; then, accept-

ing her invitation, bent his head to get under the humble door-way; and following through a neatly sanded passage, entered a small but clean kitchen. A little boy, who was sitting on a stool near the fire, uttered a scream at the sight of a stranger; and running up to his grandmother, rolled himself round in her cloak, crying out;

"Mammy, mammy, take away that black man!"

"Be quiet, William; it is a gentleman, and no black man. I am so ashamed, sir; but he is only three years old."

"I should apologize to you," returned the count smiling, "for introducing a person so hideous as to frighten your family."

By the time he finished speaking, the good dame had pacified the screaming child; who still stood trembling, and looking askance, at the tremendous black gentleman, as he stroked the head of his pretty sister.

"Come

"Come here, my dear!" said Thaddeus, seating himself by the fire, and stretching out his hand to the child. It instantly buried its head in its grandmother's apron.

"William! William!" cried his sister, pulling him by the arm, "the gentleman will not hurt you."

The boy again lifted up his head. Thaddeus threw back his long sable cloak, and taking off his cap, whose hearse-like plumes, he thought, might have terrified the child, he laid it on the ground; and again stretching forth his arms called to the boy to come to him. Little William now looked stedfastly in his face, and then on the cap, which he had laid beside him; and then, whilst he grasped his grandmother's apron with one hand, he held out the other, half assured, towards the count. Thaddeus took it, and pressing it softly, pulled him gently to him, and placing him on his knee, "My little fel-

low," said he, kissing him, "you are not frightened now?"

"No;" said the child, "I see you are not the ugly black man, who takes away naughty boys. The ugly black man has a black face, and snakes on his head; but these are pretty curls!" added he laughing, and putting his little fingers through the thick auburn hair, which hung in neglected masses over the forehead of the count.

"I am ashamed your honour should sit in a kitchen;" rejoined the old lady; "but I have not a fire in any other room."

"Yes," said her grand-daughter, who who was about twelve years old, "grandmother has a nice first floor up stairs; but because we have no lodgers, there be no fire there."

"Be silent, Nanny Robson," said the dame, "your pertness teases the gentleman."

"O, not at all;" cried Thaddeus, "I ought

ought to thank her, for she informs me you have lodgings to let; will you allow me to engage them?"

"You, sir," cried Mrs. Robson, thunderstruck, "for what purpose? Surely so noble a gentleman would not live in such a place as this?"

"I would, Mrs. Robson; I know not where I could live with more comfort; and where comfort is, my good madam, what signifies the costliness or plainness of the dwelling."

"Well, sir, if you be indeed serious? but I cannot think you so: you are certainly making a joke of me, for my boldness in asking you into my poor house."

"Upon my honour, I am not, Mrs. Robson. I would gladly be your lodger, if you will admit me; and to convince you that I am in earnest, my portmanteau shall this moment be brought here."

"Well, sir," resumed she, "I shall be honoured in having you in my house;

but I have no room for any one but yourself, not even for a servant."

"I have no servant."

"Then I will wait on him, grandmother;" cried the little Nanny, "do let the gentleman have them, I am sure he looks honest."

The old woman coloured at this last observation of the child, and proceeded.

"Then, sir, if you should not disdain the rooms when you see them, I shall be too happy in having so good a gentleman under my roof. Pardon my boldness, sir; but may I ask? I think by your dress, you are a foreigner?"

"I am;" replied Thaddeus, the radiance which played over his features contracting into a gloom; "If you have no objection to take a stranger within your doors, from this hour I shall consider your house as my home?"

"As your honour pleases;" said Mrs. Robson, "my terms are half a guinea a week; and I will attend on you, as though you

you were my own son; for I cannot forget, excellent young gentleman! the way in which we first met."

"Then I will leave you for the present;" returned he, rising, and putting down the little William; who had been amusing himself, with examining the silver points of the star of St. Stanislaus, which the count wore on his breast: In the mean while," said he, "my pretty friend," stooping to the child, "let this bit of silver," was just mounting to his tongue, as he put his hand into his pocket to take out half-a-crown; but he recollected, that his necessities would no longer admit of such gifts; and drawing his hand back, with a deep and bitter sigh, he touched the boy's cheek with his lips, and added, "let this kiss remind you of your new friend."

This was the first time, that the generous spirit of Sobieski had been restrained; and he suffered a pang, for the poignancy of which he could not account.

He had been accustomed to a life, spent in acts of munificence. His grandfather's palace, was the asylum of the unhappy; his grandfather's purse, a treasury for the unfortunate. The soul of Thaddeus did not degenerate from his noble relative: his generosity begun in inclination, was nurtured by reflection, and strengthened, with a daily exercise, which rendered it a habit of his nature. Want never appeared before him, without exciting such sympathetic emotion in his excellent heart, that he rested not, until he had administered every comfort, that was in the power of wealth to bestow. His compassion and his purse, were the substance and shadow of each other. The poor of his country thronged from every part of the kingdom, to receive pity and relief at his hands. With these houseless wanderers, he peopled the new villages, which his grandfather erected in the midst of lands, which, in former times, were the haunts of wild beasts. Thaddeus participated

pated in the happiness of his grateful tenants; and many were the old men, whose eyes he had closed in thankfulness and peace. These honest peasants, even in their dying moments, wished to give up that life in his arms, which he had rescued from misery. He visited their cottage; he smoothed their pillow; he joined in their prayers: and when their last sigh came to his ear, he raised the weeping family from the dust; and cheered them with pious exhortations, and his kindest assurances of protection. How often has the countess clasped her godlike son to her breast, when after a scene like this, he had returned home, the tears of the dying man and his children yet wet upon his hand! how often has she strained him to her heart, whilst floods of rapture have poured from her own eyes! Heir to the first fortune in Poland, he scarcely knew the means by which he bestowed all these benefits; and with a soul as bounteous to others, as Heaven had been munificent

to him, wherever he moved, he shed smiles and gifts around him. How frequently has he said to the palatine, when his carriage wheels were chased by the thankful multitude; "O, my father! How can I ever be sufficiently grateful to God, for the happiness which he hath allotted to me, in making me the dispenser of so many blessings! The gratitude of these people, overpowers and humbles me in my own eyes: what have I done to be so eminently favoured of Heaven? I tremble, when I ask myself the question."---"You may tremble, my dear boy;" replied his grandfather, "for indeed the trial is a severe one: prosperity, like adversity, is an ordeal of our conduct. Two roads are before the rich man; vanity or virtue: You have chosen the latter, and the best; and may Heaven ever hold you in it! May Heaven ever keep your heart generous and pure! Go on, my dear Thaddeus, as you have commenced; and you will find, that your Creator

Creator hath bestowed wealth upon you, not for what you have done, but as the means of evincing how well you would dispense the gift."

This *was* the fortune of Thaddeus; and *now*, he who had scattered thousands without counting them, drew back his hand with something like horror at his own injustice, when he was going to give away one little piece of silver,—which he might want in a day or two, to defray some indispensable debt.

"Mrs. Robson," said he, as he replaced his cap upon his head, "I shall return before it is dark."

"Very well, sir," and opening the door, he went out into the lane.

Ignorant of the town, and thanking Providence for having prepared him an asylum, he directed his course towards Charing Cross. He looked about him, with a deepened sadness; the wet and plashy state of the streets, gave to every object so comfortless an appearance, that he

he could scarcely believe himself to be in that London, of which he had read with so much delight. Where were those magnificent buildings, that he expected to see in the emporium of the world? Where that cleanliness; and those tokens of greatness and splendour, which had been the admiration and boast of travellers? He could no where discover them; all seemed like a dark, gloomy, mean-looking city.

Hardly heeding whither he went, he approached the Horse-guards; a view of the park, as it appears through the wide porch, promised him less unpleasantness than the dirty pavement, and he turned in, taking his way along the Bird-cage walk.

The trees, stripped of their leaves, stood naked, and dripping with melted snow. The season was in unison with the count's fate. He was taking the bitter wind for his repast; and quenching his thirst, with the rain that fell on his pale and feverish lip: he felt the cutting blast enter his breast;

breast; and shutting his eye-lids, to repel the tears, which were rising from his heart, he walked faster; but in spite of himself, the drops mingled with the wet, that trickled from his cap upon his face. One melancholy thought introduced another, until his agitated soul, lived over again, in memory, every calamity which had reduced him from happiness to misery. Two or threee heavy convulsive sighs followed these reflections; and quickening his pace, he walked once or twice quite round the park. The rain ceased. Hardly observing the people who passed, he threw himself down upon one of the chairs; and sat in a musing posture, with his eyes fixed on the opposite tree.

A sudden sound of voices approaching, rouzed him; and turning his eyes, he saw that the speakers were two young men, who, he judged by their dress, must belong to the regiment of the centinel, who was patroling at the end of the Mall.

"By Heavens, Berrington," cried one, "it

"it is the best shaped boot I ever beheld! I have a good mind to ask him whether it be English make?"

"And if it be," replied the other, with a sneer, "you must ask him who made his legs; that you may send yours to be mended."

"Who the devil can see my legs through that boot?"

"Oh, if to hide them, be your reason, pray ask him immediately."

"And so I will, for I think the boot damned handsome."

At these words, he was making towards Sobieski with two or three long strides, when his companion pulled him back.

"Surely, Harwold, you will not act so ridiculously? He appears to be a foreigner of rank; and he may take offence, and knock you down."

"Curse him and his rank too; he is some paltry emigrant, I warrant; and may the devil fly away with my legs, if I don't ask him who made his boots!"

As

As he spoke, he would have dragged his companion along with him, but Berrington broke from his arm, and the fool, who now thought himself dared to it, hustled up, close to the chair, and bowed to Thaddeus; (who hardly crediting that he could be the subject of this dialogue) returned the salutation with a cold bend of his head.

Harwold looked a little confounded at this haughty demeanour; and whilst his face, for once in his life, blushed at his own insolence, he roared out, as if in defiance of shame:

"Pray, sir, where did you get your boots?"

"Where I got my sword, sir," replied Thaddeus, calmly; and, rising from his seat, he darted his eyes disdainfully on the coxcomb, and walked slowly down the mall. Surprised and shocked at such behaviour in a British officer, as he moved away, he distinctly heard Berrington laughing aloud, and ridiculing the astonishment,

nishment, and set-down air, of his impudent associate.

This incident did not so much ruffle the temper of Thaddeus, as it amazed and perplexed him.

"Is this a specimen," thought he, "of a nation, which on the continent is venerated for courage, manliness, and generosity! Well, I find I have much to learn. I must go through the ills of life, to estimate myself thoroughly; and I must study mankind in themselves, and not in their history, to have a true knowledge of what they are."

This strange rencontre was of service to him, by diverting his mind from the intense contemplation of his situation; and as the dusk drew on, he turned his steps towards the Guildhall.

On entering the coffee-room, he was met by the obsequious Jenkins; who being told by Thaddeus, that he wanted his baggage, and a carriage, went for the things himself, and sent a boy for a coach.

A man

A man dressed in black, was standing by the chimney, and seemed to be eyeing Thaddeus, as he walked up and down, with great attention. Just as he had taken another turn, and drew near him, the stranger accosted him rather abruptly.

"Pray, sir, are there any news stirring abroad? you seem, sir, to be come from abroad?"

"None, that I know, sir."

"Bless me, that's strange. I thought, sir, you came from abroad, sir; from the Continent, from Poland, sir? at least the waiter said so, sir."

Thaddeus coloured; "the wait r, sir?"

"I mean, sir," continued the gentleman, visibly confused at the dilemma into which he had brought himself, "the waiter said that you were a count, sir; a Polish count; indeed the count Sobieski! Hence I concluded that you are fr m Poland. If I have offended, I beg pardon, sir; but in these times we are anxious for every intelligence."

Thaddeus

Thaddeus made no other reply, than by a slight inclination of his head; and walking forward, to see whether the coach were arrived, he thought,—whatever travellers had related of the English, they were the most impertinent people in the world.

The stranger would not be contented with what he had already said, but plucking up new courage, pursued the count to the glass door, through which he was looking, and resumed.

"I believe, sir, I am not wrong? you are the count Sobieski: and I have the honour, to be now speaking with the bravest champion of Polish liberty?'

Thaddeus again bowed; "I thank you, sir, for the compliment you intend me; but I cannot take it to myself; all the men in Poland, old and young, nobles and peasants, were her champions, equally sincere, equally brave."

Nothing could silence the inquisitive stranger: the coach drew up, but he went on.

"Then

"Then I hope, that many of these patriots, besides your lordship, have taken care to bring away their wealth from a land, which is now abandoned to destruction?"

For a moment, Thaddeus forgot himself in his country; and all her rights, and all her sufferings, rose in his countenance.

"No, sir! Not one of those men; and least of all, would I have drawn one vital drop from her heart! I left in her bosom, all that was dear to me; all that I possessed; and not until I saw the chains brought before my eyes, that were to lay her in irons, did I turn my back on calamities, which I could no longer avert or alleviate."

The ardour of his manner, and the elevation of his voice, had drawn the attention of every person in the room upon him, when Jenkins entered with his baggage. The door being opened, Sobieski got into the coach; and gladly hastened from

from a conversation, which awakened all his griefs.

"Ah, poor enthusiast!" exclaimed his inquisitor, as the carriage drove off, "It is a pity, that so fine a young man, should have made so ill a use of his birth, and other advantages!"

"He appears to me," observed an old clergyman, who sat in an adjoining box; "to have made the best possible use of his *natural advantages;* and had I a son, I would rather hear him utter such a sentiment, as that with which he quitted the room, than see him master of millions."

"May be so," cried the questioner, with a disdainful and angry glance, '*different minds incline to different objects!*' His, has decided for the '*wonderful, the wild;*' and a pretty end he has made of his choice!"

"Why to be sure," observed another spectator, "young people should be brought up with reasonable ideas of right and

and wrong and prudence: Nevertheless, I should not like a son of mine, to run harem scarem, through my property, and his own life; and yet one cannot help, when one hears such a brave speech, as that from yon Frenchman, just gone out, —I say, one cannot help thinking it very fine."

"True, true," cried the inquisitor, "you are right, sir; very fine, indeed, but too fine to wear; it would soon leave us naked, as it has done him; for it seems, by his own confession, he is pennyless; and I know, a twelvemonth ago, he was master of a fortune which, however incalculable, he has managed with all his talents to see the end of."

"Then he is in distress?" exclaimed the clergyman, "and you know him? What is his name?"

The man coloured at this unexpected inference; and glad that the company had not heard the first part of the dialogue, in which it was mentioned,—he stammered out

out some words, which no one could distinctly hear; took up his hat; and looking at his watch, said, "I beg pardon, gentlemen, I have an appointment."—And hurried out of the room without speaking farther; although the good clergyman, whose name was Blackmore, hastened after him, to request to know, where the young foreigner lived.

"Who is that coxcomb?" cried the disconcerted doctor, as he returned from his unavailing application.

"I don't know, sir," replied the waiter: "I never saw him in this house before last night, when he came in late to sleep; and this morning he was in the coffee-room at breakfast, just as that foreign gentleman walked through; and Jenkins, bawling his name out very loud, as soon as he was gone, this here gentleman asked him, who that count was. I heard Jenkins say some Russian name; and tell him, he came last night, and likely would come back again; and so, that there

there gentleman, has been loitering about all day till now when the foreign gentleman coming in, he spoke to him."

"And don't you know any thing further of this foreigner? I did not hear his name."

"No, sir; I forget what he is called, and Jenkins has not come back, who might have told you.—But I see him going across the street; shall I run after him, and ask him?"

"You are very obliging;" returned the old man, "but does Jenkins know where the stranger lives?"

"No, sir; I am sure he don't."

"I am sorry for it;" sighed the kind questioner; "then your enquiry would be of no use; his name will not do, without his direction.—Poor fellow! He has been unfortunate, and I might have befriended him."

"Yes, to be sure, doctor," cried the first speaker, who now rose to accompany him out, "It is our duty to befriend the unfortunate; but charity begins at home;

and as all's for the best, perhaps it is lucky we did not hear any more about this young fellow. We might have involved ourselves in a vast deal of unnecessary trouble; and you know, people from outlandish parts have no claims upon us."

"Certainly," replied the doctor, "none in the world, more than those, which no human creature can dispute; the claims of nature. All mankind are born heirs of suffering; and as joint inheritors, if we do not wipe away each other's tears, it will prove but a comfortless portion."

"Ah! doctor," cried his companion as they separated at the end of Charles-street, "you have always the best of the argument; you have logic and Aristotle at your finger ends."

"No, my friend; my arguments are purely christian. Nature is my logic, and the bible my teacher."

"Ah, there you have me again. You parsons are as bad as the lawyers; when once you get a poor sinner among you, he finds it as hard to get out of the church as

out

out of the chancery. However, have it your own way; charity is your trade, and I won't be in a hurry to dispute the monopoly. Good day. If I stay much longer, you'll make me believe that black is white."

Dr. Blackmore shook him by the hand, and wishing him a good morning, returned home, pitying the worldliness of his friend's mind; and musing on the interesting stranger; whom he admired, and compassionated, to absolute pain, for he believed him to be virtuous, unhappy, and unfortunate. Had he known, that the present object of his generous solicitude, was the illustrious subject of many a former eulogium from himself, how much encreased would have been his regret;—that he had seen the *count Sobieski;* that he had seen him in distress; and that he had suffered him to pass out of the reach of his services.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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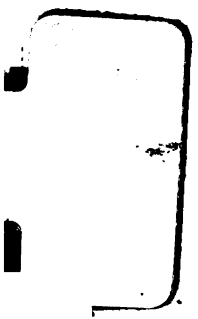
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